THE

Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,

Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,

For MARCH, 1814.

VOL. XI.

The Sixty-third Number.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We earnestly solicit communications (post paid) from the professors of the arts in general, as well as authors, respecting works which they may have in hand. We conceive that the evident advantage which must accrue to both from the more extensive publicity that will be given to their productions through the medium of the Repository, *needs only to be mentioned, to induce them to favour us with such information, which shall always meet with the most prompt attention.*

Mr. Hanson's *Meteorological Chart, accompanied with general Observations on the Atmospherical Pressure and Temperature for* 1813, *is received, and shall be introduced in our next.*

According to the intention announced at the conclusion of the last volume of the Repository, we shall next month give Patterns of new Manufactures in the usual form.

Florio *is informed, that his future favours will be acceptable.*

J. M. L.'s *request shall be complied with.*

We thank our correspondent who writes from Sunderland, for his hints; but beg to remind him, that it is usual on such occasions to pay postage.

The Proprietor begs leave to remind such of his Readers as have imperfect sets of the Repository, of the necessity of an early application for the deficiencies, in order to prevent disappointment. Those who chuse to return their Numbers to the Publisher, may have them exchanged for Volumes in a variety of bindings, at the rate of 5s. *per Volume.*

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————The suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

ARMSTRONG.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE ARTS.—By JUNINUS.

(Continued from p. 68.)

MISS EVE. Who was Nathaniel Field, the dramatic writer in your list?

Miss *K.* He lived in the reign of James I. and Charles I. and was not only a lover of the Muses, but beloved by them, and by the poets his contemporaries. He was also an actor, and appears to have been held in considerable estimation. He wrote *Woman is a Weather-Cock*, comedy, 1612; also, *Amends for Ladies*, with *The Merry Pranks of Moll Cutpurse, or the Humour of Roaring*, com. 1639.

Miss *Eve.* What strange titles some of the earliest dramatic writers chose for their plays!

Miss *K.* Yes; I will mention some of them:—*A Play between John the Husband and Tib his Wife*, published in 1533, by John Heywood—*The four P's*, by the same author, 1569—*The longer thou livest the more Fool thou art*, 1570, by William Mayer—*Like will like, quoth the Devil to the Collier*, an interlude, 1587, by Ulpian Fulwell--*The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1598, by Michael Drayton—*The two Maids of more Clack*, 1599, by Robert Avenin—*Hans Beer-Pot, See me and See me not*, 1618, by D. C. Belchier—*The honourable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungy*, 1633, by Robert Green—*The Swaggering Damsel*, 1640, by Robert Chamberlaine.

Miss *Eve.* I have a piece by Heywood, entitled *A Play between the Pardoner, the Friar, the Curate, and Neighbour Pratt*, dated 1533. Was he not the earliest writer for the English stage?

Miss *K.* I have a comedy called *Virtue and Good Order*, by John Skelton, dated 1526, that is seven years earlier, and 38 before Shakspeare was born. Heywood was an author celebrated for mirth and quickness of conceit. As he himself says, he "made men merry with many mad plays." *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, written afterwards, in the reign of Edward VI. is com-

posed of five acts; the scenes are unbroken, and the unities preserved: it is the first English comedy that is at all regular. It was acted at Christ-Church, Cambridge, and was written by a Master of Arts, whose name is concealed under the initial S.

Miss *Eve*. What a strange word is *Gammer!* yet I am told, that not a hundred years ago, among such persons as trades-people, farmers, &c. the wife called the husband *Gaffer*, and the husband called his wife *Dame**.

Miss *K*. Even in names there has been a great alteration. I do not at present know a woman of the name of Joan, though it was formerly so common. At the time of the Saxons, about 1000 years ago, the names in this country ran very much in the letter E. Of the twenty kings from Egbert in A. D. 800 to the Norman Conquest in 1066, fourteen, which is above two thirds, began with that letter.

From about the year 500 of the Christian era to 1300, that is an interval of 800 years, is called the dark or Gothic ages. Not only the arts, but literature in general, was but little cultivated; the drama languished with the rest. Stowe observes, that the parish clerks of London were of old time accustomed to assemble at Clerkswell or Clerkenwell yearly, to play some large history of Holy Scripture, "For example, of late time, in 1390, the 14th of Richard II. I read," says he, "that the parish clerks of London, on the 18th of July, played interludes at Skinners' Well, near unto Clerkenwell, which play continued three days together, the king, queen, and most of the nobility being present. Again in 1409, the 13th Henry IV. they performed a play at Skinners' Well, which lasted eight days. The subject was the Creation of the World; and most of the nobility and gentry of England were present. There is now a pump at Clerkswell, near the bottom of Clerkenwell Green, on which is an inscription, shewing that to be the spot where the parish clerks of London used to perform their plays." In 1564, 6th Queen Elizabeth, Shakspeare, that prince of dramatic writers, first drew his breath. From the reign of Elizabeth till the civil wars under Charles I. the stage began to flourish. The court led the fashion, and the people followed it. Tragedies, comedies, and masques were performed in the royal palaces and at the houses of the nobility, in which no expence of decoration was spared. In the title-page of Ben Jonson's Masques, it is observed, that Inigo Jones, the most celebrated architect of that time, was employed in designing the machinery and decorations. The royal family and the nobility frequented the performances. This encouragement excited the industry of the wits of those times. Besides Shakspeare, that child of Fancy, and Ben Jonson, who has been characterized as

————instructed from the school
To please by method and invent by rule,

arose many other writers of extraordinary merit. Jonson may be styled the father of English dramatic poetry, for before him no author had thought of writing upon the model of the ancients; the tra-

* This appellation is still commonly used in Yorkshire; and in Lancashire the term *Wench* is equally common.—Ed.

gedies of those times being merely historical dialogues—and in comedy, the writers exactly followed the thread of any novel. In his *Epicœne,* or *Silent Woman,* Jonson has given a perfect example of comedy.

Miss *Eve.* I think the ancient Romans succeeded better in comedy than in tragedy.

Miss *K.* Yes. Seneca, whose works have come down to us, leaves us nothing to regret in having lost the Roman model. They were late in cultivating tragedy.

Miss *Eve.* The works of their first tragic writers, Livius Andronicus, Accius, and Pacuvius, are lost, I believe.

Miss *K.* They are. In comedy the Romans had much better success. Terence, by birth an African, the freedman of Terentius Seneca, patronized by Scipio Africanus and Lælius, translated the works of Menander and Apollodorus, the Greek comic writers, whose pieces are lost; and in the six comedies of his composition yet extant, he has exhibited a pattern of dramatic art which has not since been excelled. Of Plautus, the other celebrated writer, we have 19 plays, which though not formed with the ingenuity of Terence, nevertheless display strength and variety of incident and character, and keenness and vivacity of wit.

It is related that both tragedy and comedy took their rise in Greece about 550 years before the Christian era, or about 2350 years ago. Thespis is said to be the father of tragedy, which in its infancy was in a very rude state, not half so respectable even as Robert Cox's theatre: for Thespis carried his performers from place to place in a waggon, which served for the theatre and the stage; and we are told, that the only decoration used by this company, consisted in besmearing their faces with the lees of wine. Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides afterwards improved the poem, which was at first but a simple ode and chorus in honour of Bacchus, to that excellent model which has since received but little improvement.

Miss *Eve.* Who was Robert Cox?

Miss *K.* He is mentioned in the list among the dramatic writers. During the civil wars under Charles I. most of the players joined the king's army, and when the royal party was overthrown, about a year before Charles's execution in 1647, many of these performers came to London, and formed one company, which played at the Cockpit in Drury-lane. Their exhibitions, however, continued but a very few days before they were suppressed. The Long Parliament prohibited all plays and interludes; and the stage, seats, galleries, &c. were ordered to be pulled down. All actors, if convicted of having performed two months previous to such conviction, were adjudged to be punished as rogues and vagabonds, and every spectator was sentenced to pay five shillings for the use of the poor. These severe measures drove the players to great distress. Some of them gained a precarious livelihood, at the hazard of Bridewell and the beadle's lash, by travelling the country and performing at noblemen's houses; and others picked up a little money by printing copies of such plays as had never been published. Langbaine informs us that Robert Cox, an actor of those

days, had address enough, under pretence of rope-dancing, to obtain permission to act drolls or farces (or perhaps those representations were rather connived at), either written by himself, or made up of favourite scenes in the stock plays of the reduced companies. His house was at the Red Bull near Smithfield, but he went to wakes and fairs, and even performed at the universities.

Miss *Eve.* I suppose somewhat like Saunders, Scowton, and Richardson, at the present time. I have seen these at Bow fair and at Fairlop fair in Essex.—I think you said that Mrs Pritchard, the celebrated actress, had this humble beginning.

Miss *K.* She first appeared at Bartholemew fair at the age of 16, about the year 1727. Her first song was—

Sweet, if you love me, smiling turn—

which was at that time much admired.

Miss *Eve.* Was this at Jobson's or Flockton's?

Miss *K.* It was before they were of the profession.

Miss *Eve.* What pieces were attributed to Robert Cox?

Miss *K.* The farces entitled—*Œnone, with the Humours of Bumpkins—Actæon and Diana—Hobbinol—Singing Simpkin*—and *Simpleton the Smith.*

Soon after the restoration of Charles II. in 1660, the stage arrived at its highest degree of brilliance and magnificence, under the direction of Sir William Davenant, to whom we are indebted for our first regular theatre, for the improvement of the dresses, for the addition of musical compositions, and the graceful propriety of representing female characters by female performers. But this elegant improvement was the cause of much immorality, with which the stage was afterwards too justly charged. A *double entendre* lost half its poignancy from the lips of a young man or a boy in petticoats, but was highly relished when spoken by a beautiful woman. A female, gay, loose, and wanton, represented by a beardless youth, was a character not likely to be well received; but when filled by a young and handsome woman, desiring and desirable herself—(it may be, too, the very original from which the poet, in the warmth of his fancy, perhaps a little heated by love, drew the glowing picture,) the odiousness of the representation was wiped off, vice was rendered amiable, and she herself became the object of impure desires. Thus we find that Charles II. was so irresistibly charmed on seeing Nell Gwynn in some such character, that he carried her off, like Jove, the mighty ravisher of Olympus, in her stage clothes. In the days of innocence, Eve seduced, became herself a seducer: in like manner, when the female players became abandoned, their fellow performers of the other sex could not preserve the purity of their morals as before.

Miss *Eve.* I suppose it was some time before a regular set of female performers was procured.

Miss *K.* Yes: for a considerable time after the Restoration, the handsomest young men were put in petticoats to personate female characters. Kynaston, who had been fellow-apprentice with Betterton to Rhodes, a bookseller of Char-

ing-Cross, wore them with great success. It was on his account that the well known apology was made to Charles II. who arriving at the theatre somewhat earlier than was expected, and waiting in his box for the rising of the curtain, was informed, that the *queen*, who was to appear in the first scene, was not yet *shaved*. This Kynaston was a great favourite of the female nobility. Plays then began at four o'clock in the afternoon, so that the ladies could go to the Ring in Hyde Park after they were over; and it was the fashion to take this performer in his female habit along with them in their coaches.

At the time of the Restoration, the chief dramatic performances were at Rutland House, in Charter-House-yard, and soon afterwards at the Cockpit in Drury-lane. Here Betterton, the Roscius of the 17th century, first appeared at the age of twenty.

Before the troubles of those times, Rhodes, the bookseller, had been wardrobe-keeper to the theatre in Blackfriars. Soon after the Restoration, he obtained a licence for a company of players to perform at the Cockpit. Two years afterwards, Rhodes's whole company was taken into the house opened by Sir William Davenant, who had obtained a patent from Charles II. to form a new company of actors. He opened a theatre in Little Lincoln's Inn Fields with *The Siege of Rhodes*, a play of his own writing.

Miss *Eve*. This was curious, to get Rhodes's company and then open a theatre with a play of that title.

Miss *K*. Here he introduced a variety of beautiful scenes and excellent machinery; the first ever seen on any stage where plays were performed for hire. To defray this extraordinary expence, he raised the price of the seats. The pit, which was before but 1s. 6d. was raised to 2s. 6d.; the boxes, from 2s. 6d. to 4s.; the first gallery, from 1s. to 1s. 6d.; and the upper gallery, from 6d. to 1s. How long the old prices had been established, is uncertain.

Miss *Eve*. Considering the difference of the value of money, the charge was then full as much as at present.

Miss *K*. I should have observed, that a little before the Restoration, Sir William Davenant, who had followed the fortunes of the royal exile in France, obtained permission to open a sort of theatre at Rutland House, Charter-House-yard. He copied the introduction of women and girls to fill the female characters, as well as the scenery, from the Parisian theatres.

Miss *Eve*. In what year did Mr. Collier attack the profaneness and immorality of the stage?

Miss *K*. In 1698. His animadversions were principally directed against Sir John Vanbrugh and Congreve, whose wit was mingled with gross obscenity and licentiousness, and against the immoral lives of the players since the introduction of women. In the fury of his zeal, he was for demolishing the stage altogether; though it must be allowed, that there are many plays (and all might be) which instruct as well as divert the spectator; and thus much may be said in behalf of the stage. It certainly affords amusement for the idle and relaxation for the man of business,

who, were they deprived of such diversions, might seek others of a less innocent kind. Had the stage no other object than this last, it would entitle it not only to be permitted, but even to be encouraged by the most rigid legislature. It must, nevertheless, be acknowledged, that Collier's castigation was attended with good effects. Succeeding writers became more guarded; and it is now rather to be feared, that the stage is chastened into the other extreme of sentimental insipidity, as, in respect to our present performers, we must in justice say, that they lead as virtuous and sober lives as can be expected of players.

Miss *Eve.* It is the same in the arts. Some are such sticklers for simplicity, and so fearful of admitting any thing ornamental or meretricious, that if they were to design emblems of Comedy or Tragedy, there would be so little discrimination of character, that the passing gazer would scarcely be able to distinguish the one from the other. An artist should be like the clerks of the Bank, in regard to the various requisites of the arts, and give to each claimant his respective due.

Miss *K.* Simplicity guards against affectation, but, as you observe, each claimant ought to have his due.

Miss *Eve.* Who was Ludowick Carlell, the dramatic writer?

Miss *K.* He was a courtier who lived in the reigns of Charles I. and II. He had several places, being Gentleman of the Bows to Charles I. and Groom of the King's and Queen's Chamber; and he likewise served the queen's mother many years. He wrote several dramatic pieces, most of which were acted with considerable applause.

Miss *Eve.* Who was William Duncombe?

Miss *K.* He wrote *Lucius Junius Brutus*, a tragedy, 1732, and *Athaliah*, a sacred tragedy, from Racine, 1734. He also published many small poetical pieces of estimation, and a very good translation of a celebrated tragedy by Voltaire.

Miss *Eve.* Who was the celebrated Laurence Echard?

Miss *K.* He was the son of a clergyman, who possessed a good estate in Suffolk, and received his education at the University of Cambridge. Soon after he had taken orders, he was presented to the living of Walton and Elkington, in Lincolnshire, where he spent twenty years of his life. His *History of England*, though violently attacked by Oldmixon, has been much admired. Mr. Echard died in 1730. He translated the following pieces from Plautus and Terence:—*Adelphi*, *Amphytrion*, *Andria*, *Epidichus*, *Eunuchus*, *Heautontimorumenos*, *Hecyra*, and *Phormio Rudens*.

Miss *Eve.* One of these names is somewhat like Carey's mock tragedy, called *Chrononotonthologos*, or the Margravine of Aspach's *History of the Kinkvervankotsdarsprachengotchderns* — Johnson's *Hurlothrumbo* is nothing to this. Was not this eccentric Johnson of the same name as our great moralist?

Miss *K.* Yes.

Miss *Eve.* I have observed, that Harry Carey's first dramatic piece was, *Hanging and Marriage*, or *The Dead Man's Wedding*, a farce, 1715;

and you say, that the manner of his death answered to the first word of this title.

Miss *K.* Yes, he put an end to his life in 1744, in Great Warner-street, Cold Bath Fields.

Miss *Eve.* Is it true, that Barton Booth, the celebrated actor, was poisoned?

Miss *K.* Here is an advertisement at the end of the play of *The Cornish Squire*, published in 1730:—"Just published, *Memoirs of the Life of Barton Booth, Esq.* with his Character; to which are added, several Poetical Pieces written by himself, viz. Translations from Horace, Songs, Odes, &c. &c.: what was observed (particularly with regard to the quicksilver found in his intestines) upon the opening of his body, in the presence of Sir Hans Sloane, by Mr. Alexander Small, surgeon. Published by an intimate acquaintance of Mr. Booth, by consent of his widow."

Miss *Eve.* I see by the *dramatis personæ* of the *Cornish Squire*, that Mr. Hallam acted the part of the Second Physician in that play. Was it not the same person who was killed by Macklin?

Miss *K.* Yes, in May, 1735. They quarrelled behind the scenes about a wig, and Macklin thrusting a stick in Hallam's face, pierced his eye with it, which occasioned his death. Macklin was tried for this at the Old Bailey, and acquitted.

Miss *Eve.* Who was Anthony Brewer, the dramatic writer?

Miss *K.* He lived in the reign of Charles I. but we have no biographical particulars of him. He wrote *Lingua*, a comedy, 1607; *The Country Girl*, com. printed 1647; and *The Lovesick King*, printed 1655. Brewer, though so little known, was a first-rate genius. His *Lovesick King* is one of the best irregular plays, next to those of Shakspeare, in our language. The story, which is extremely interesting, is conducted with as much art as spirit; the characters are animated, and the scene busy.

Miss *Eve.* Who was Henry Brooke?

Miss *K.* He was the son of an Irish clergyman, born in 1706; educated at Dr. Thos. Sheridan's school, and at Trinity College, Dublin. He died in that city, in 1783. He wrote *Gustavus Vasa*, tragedy, 1738; *Jack the Giant-Killer*, farce, 1748; and the *Earl of Essex*, tragedy, 1761. The second of these pieces was acted at Dublin, but prohibited after the first representation. His *Earl of Essex*, in which the fire and pathos of Banks are happily mixed with the poetry of Jones, will long keep possession of the stage, and delight succeeding generations. They may here see the portrait of the great Elizabeth, whose manner and behaviour, and that of her ministers and courtiers, are so strongly marked, and, from the characters of Essex and Southampton, imbibe sentiments that do honour to human nature.

Miss *Eve.* I think Jones was also a native of Ireland?

Miss *K.* Yes; he was born at Drogheda, bred a bricklayer, and patronized by the celebrated Lord Chesterfield. He died in great want, in a garret belonging to the master of the Bedford Coffee-house, in April, 1770. His character is thus described by an acquaintance:—"His temper was, in

consequence of the dominion of his passions, uncertain and capricious, easily engaged and easily disgusted; and as economy was a virtue which never could be taken into his catalogue, he appeared to think himself born rather to be supported by others, than under a duty to secure to himself the profits which his writings and the munificence of his patrons from time to time afforded. After experiencing many reverses of fortune, which an overbearing spirit and an imprudence in regard to pecuniary concerns, consequently drew upon him, he died in great poverty."

Miss *Eve*. What novel do you think presents the best portrait of Queen Elizabeth?

Miss *K*. *The Recess*, by Sophia Lee.

Miss *Eve*. The same work, if I recollect right, also exhibits a very affecting picture of Mary Queen of Scots. I admire that well known song, in which Mary is supposed thus to apostrophize Elizabeth:—

False woman, in ages to come
Thy malice detested shall be;
And when we are cold in the tomb,
Some heart still will sorrow for me.

Miss *K*. There are many songs in remembrance of the unfortunate Mary.

Miss *Eve*. Will you sing me one?

Miss *K*.

You meaner beauties of the night,
Who poorly satisfy our eyes,
More by your numbers than your light,
Ye are but officers of the skies,
What are ye when the moon doth rise?

You violets that first appear,
By your fine purple colour known,
Taking possession of the year,
As if the spring was all your own,
What are ye when the rose is blown?

You charming birds that in the wood
Do warble forth your lively lays,
Making your passion understood
In softest notes, what is your praise
When Philomel her voice doth raise?

You glancing jewels of the East,
Whose estimation fancies raise,
Pearls, rubies, sapphires, and the rest
Of glittering gems, what is your praise
When the bright Diamond shews his rays?

But, ah! poor light, gem, voice, and smell,
What are ye if my MARY shine?
Moon, diamonds, flowers, and Philomel,
Light, lustre, scent, and music, tine
And yield to merit more divine.

Thus, when my mistress you have seen,
In beauties of her face and mind,
First by descent, she is a queen,
Judge, then, if she be not divine,
And glory of all womankind.

The rose and lily, the hale spring,
Unto her breath for sweetness speed;
The diamond darkens in the ring,
When she appears the moon looks dead,
As when Sol lifts his radiant head.

JUNINUS.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF MOZART, THE GERMAN COMPOSER.

(Concluded from p. 74.)

IF, at its departure from this sensual abode to regions of eternal bliss, the human soul requires to be previously freed from all mundane dross, Mozart's *Requiem*, in which he bade to the world his last farewell, must surely have operated in him that purification: for an awfully sublime farewell it is, such as might be expected from the heart and the head of a Mozart; a farewell which will draw forth the tears of our descendants in afterages. Where is the blunted

being in human shape, whose wooden frame its piercing harmonies have left unmoved? Who can hear those heart-rending strains, borrowed, as it were, from the lamentations of angels, without forgetting all that is worldly, and elevating his thoughts into the awful regions of futurity?

That such a funereal composition should have been the dying effort of Mozart's inspired genius, is of itself remarkable; but the circumstances which gave rise to the composition, and attended it in its progress, are more than extraordinary—they are mysterious, and have remained so to this day. Whenever the historian has to relate an event which transgresses the common routine of human occurrences, his veracity becomes generally a matter of doubt with some of his readers. In the present case, therefore, we think it right to premise, that the truth of what we are about to relate, is vouched, not only by the testimony of Mozart's widow, but by that of all his friends; in short, that the fact is a matter of general notoriety, and has never, at the time and on the spot, been called in question by any person whatsoever.

Shortly before the coronation of the Emperor Leopold, and just before Mozart received the invitation to come to Prague, a strange messenger delivered to him a letter in an unknown hand and without signature. This letter, after several compliments paid to his talents, contained an enquiry, if Mozart was inclined to compose a *Requiem*, at what price, and by what time he would complete the work; indicating, at the same time, the place where an answer was to be sent to.

Mozart, who was in the habit of consulting his wife upon the most trifling concerns, communicated to her the letter, with the circumstances of its delivery, and expressed a wish to try his powers in that species of composition, the more so since the elevated and pathetic style of sacred music had at all times been a favourite study of his. Mrs. Mozart approved his resolution, and an answer was returned, fixing the price of the composition; but adding, that the time of its completion could not be stated precisely; and requesting to be informed, whither the music, when finished, might be forwarded. A short time after, the same stranger returned not only with the sum stipulated, but with the promise of a considerable addition at the delivery of the score, since the demanded price had been so moderate; desiring Mozart to suit his own convenience, and only write when in a suitable disposition of mind, but to abstain from all enquiry to discover the person who had ordered the composition, as measures had been taken to render every such attempt fruitless. The work was to be kept till called for.

Meanwhile Mozart received the honourable and advantageous offer to compose the *Opera seria* for the coronation of the emperor at Prague.—At the moment when stepping with his wife into the carriage on his journey thither, the strange messenger, like a ghost, presented himself, pulled Mrs. Mozart by the gown, and asked, "How will it fare with the *Requiem*?"—Mozart, from

his seat in the chaise, alledged the necessity of his journey on such a peculiar occasion, and the impossibility of having acquainted the unknown gentleman with his departure, but promised, that, on his return, the *Requiem* should be his first occupation : it depended, however, entirely upon the unknown stranger whether he chose to wait thus long. The messenger disappeared, perfectly satisfied with the assurance.

When arrived at Prague, a visible change took place in Mozart's health. His appetite gradually diminished, his complexion grew pale, his countenance wan and dejected. He took medicines continually, to little avail; his spirits drooped sensibly, except when, in the circle of his intimate friends, good humour tended to revive him for the moment.

On his return to Vienna, he again took up the *Requiem*, and worked at it with the most intense application and the most lively interest. But his indisposition augmented in the same proportion, and plunged him into a state of extreme melancholy. His wife perceived with inward grief the gradual decline of his health, and tried to enliven his spirits by every means in her power. One fine autumnal afternoon she took him, for a diversion, to the Prater in a carriage; both had scarcely sat down on a sequestered spot, when Mozart began to talk of death, exclaiming, with tears in his eyes, "It is for myself, my dear Constantia, I am composing that *Requiem*, you may depend upon it."—When she endeavoured to divest him of so gloomy a thought, he said, "Ah! no, my dear! I feel too much what is the matter with me; it cannot last long with me; they have given me poison, I am certain of it; I try in vain to reason against the idea—my inward feelings are too convincing."

These words struck the heart of the affectionate wife with all their dreadful importance. She was scarcely capable of administering comfort, and inventing arguments to prove the absurdity of such a suspicion. Conceiving that perhaps the *Requiem* might affect her husband's nerves too powerfully, and be the cause of a fatal illness, she called in a physician, and took the score from him.

Upon this, his case changed somewhat for the better, so that he was enabled to compose a small cantata for a convivial festivity, the able performance of which, together with the applause it received, imparted new vigour to his mind. His spirits returned; he demanded repeatedly his score, in order to continue and finish the *Requiem*, and his wife now did not hesitate to return it to him.

Alas! this seeming reanimation was the struggling glimmer of the dying lamp. In a few days he relapsed into his former melancholy, grew rapidly weaker and worse, till at last he was confined to his sick bed, from which he never rose again.

His death followed on the 5th December, 1791, at night. But the day before, he called for his score, and casting a farewell glance over the whole, exclaimed, "Did I not tell you, that I was writing this *Requiem* for myself?"—The physicians were not unanimous as to his illness; according to the most probable account, it was that species

of consumption which is called *Tabes dorsalis.*

Shortly after his death, the mysterious stranger re-appeared, with a note addressed to Mozart himself, requesting the delivery of the *Requiem*, if completed; and enquiring the terms upon which he would compose a certain number of quartetts annually. The widow conscientiously handed both the fair copy and the rough score to the stranger, and never saw him afterwards. All the strenuous endeavours, not only of Mozart's friends, but of persons of the first note at Vienna, to trace either the messenger or his master proved fruitless at the time; and to this very day no further cue whatever has been obtained to throw some light on this extraordinary transaction. The performance of a composition requiring the fullest orchestra, could remain no secret, had it ever taken place in any part of Europe. But this has not been the case—the *Requiem* was no more heard of!!

Fortunately for the musical world, the person who used to copy most of Mozart's scores for him, and who had made the fair transcript of the *Requiem*, had clandestinely kept a copy of the whole work for himself. For many years, however, this remained a secret to every one but himself; but when, after a great lapse of time, this person found that this master-piece of his late patron was likely to be lost to the world, he honestly handed his private copy to Mozart's widow, through whose means the *Requiem* has thus been made public.

Whether Mozart died a natural death, or whether, as he himself suspected, poison was the cause of his dissolution, is a question that has been agitated over and over again by many German writers, some of whom go so far as to consider it possible the letter was poisoned which bespoke the *Requiem*. As we have detailed every material circumstance attending his death, we shall leave our readers to their own opinion; observing only, that the premature death of a man like Mozart may be accounted for without having recourse to *aqua toffana*. We have already alluded to his irregular course of life. He worshipped pleasure under every form. A summary of his gallantries, before and after marriage, would probably equal the length of the catalogue of Leporello in his *Don Juan*. Wine and punch were the next fatal weapons which made incessant war against his constitution: and all these enemies to the human frame found a still more destructive ally in the sedentary life, the incessant study and application, and the constant nocturnal labour, to which we owe the innumerable and voluminous works of Mozart, far exceeding the number of compositions produced by any other author in the first 35 years of his life, the age at which Mozart died. That causes like these will abbreviate the span of life, it would be needless to argue, even if the history of many great men, such as Raffaelle and Mr. Pitt did not afford cases in point.

That so early a death of such a man should still be the subject of general regret among the lovers of harmony, is a matter of course, and that that regret should be accompanied with an estimation of the immense number of further sterling works which a common pro-

longation of his life might have produced, is equally natural. At the same time it remains a psychological question, whether the fire of true genius, if it burns in continual blaze, do not consume itself the sooner? whether the quantum of such transcendent intellectual endowment, and of its fruits, be not measured out to mortals, to be spent quickly, or in husbanded duration? The case of precocious children would warrant such a supposition; and if so, we have less cause for regret in Mozart's instance; for then we would have received from him in a brief space nearly as much as a more extended existence would have entitled us to expect. He blossomed prematurely—he bore fruit prematurely—he withered prematurely.

Prematurely for the world, and no less so for his family. For already, when little hopes were entertained of his recovery, he received the lucrative appointment of Master of the Chapel of St. Stephen's cathedral; and almost at the same time a number of extensive commissions and highly advantageous offers for fresh compositions arrived from Hungary, Amsterdam, and other quarters. All these useless prospects tended only still more to embitter Mozart's last days. "Now only," lamented he frequently during his illness, "am I to be gone, just now, when brighter prospects of independence would no longer have fettered my pen to the shackles of fashion, or to the sordid whims of speculators, when I might have followed the dictates of my own sense and feeling, and have written what my heart and head alone approved of."

This latter expression reminds us of a piece of advice which Mozart gave to a young musician, who requested some instruction, or fundamental rules, for composing good music in a style similar to Mozart. "My dear sir," replied the latter, "there is little need of rules for that; if all is right with you *here* and *here*" (pointing to the head and heart), "compose away as fast as you chuse; it will prove good, depend upon it: but if these are wanting, all other rules will be in vain."

Of several children which Mozart had, only two boys were alive at his death. The eldest the writer of this biographical sketch conversed with in 1802 at Leghorn, where he was placed in a counting-house, to be brought up as a merchant. He resembled the portrait of his father prefixed to these Memoirs in a strong degree, played with great taste on the piano-forte, and possessed much of that mild and modest demeanour which was inherent in the father's character. The younger son, Wolfgang, was a child at the death of Mozart, who once prophesied, that this would be *another* Mozart; because one day, when the father was playing, the cries of the infant modulated themselves precisely into the key in which he played. We are ignorant whether this prediction has been verified. Probably not; for the child was not fortunate enough to have the same excellent instruction which the father enjoyed.

From the portrait here given, which has the merit of the strongest resemblance, our readers are enabled to trace the great com-

poser's physiognomical features, none of which, in our opinion, announce the greatness of his mind, with the exception of the large and penetrating eye. His looks were unsteady and absent, except when he sat at the piano-forte; then his whole countenance changed, his eyes sparkled, and every muscle of his face corresponded with the expression of the music. His hands were small and elegant, and their motion on the key-board graceful and natural in the extreme. Nothing but a most perfect system of fingering could enable those diminutive hands to execute those wonderful grasps of passages, especially in the bass, of which he was so perfect a master. Although the son of a handsome pair, his figure was small and inelegant. This is to be attributed to premature mental exertion, want of exercise, and excessive sitting, all which conspired to injure and mar the growth of the handsome infant.

From what has been stated on several occasions in the course of these pages, our readers may already be enabled to form some idea of Mozart's character. We have not glossed over his weaknesses, but that those should be found in a being whose frame was interwoven with the most delicate sensibility, that a nervous texture so finely organized should have sought enjoyment of the senses beyond the bounds of sober reason, is scarcely to be wondered at. Nay, perhaps those tender feelings of Mozart, to which we owe so much of delight, could not exist in human conformation without the excesses to which he was subject. With this exception of frailty, his moral principles were pure as the light of day. A sincere friend, an excellent husband, benevolent towards all mankind, modest in the extreme, humble in his opinion of his own transcendent merits, he admired those of others; to art, cunning, flattery, and dissembling, he was a total stranger. Always in good humour with every body, full of fun and tricks, his character precisely resembled that of a good-natured, flighty, amiable boy. His anger, rarely excited as it was, was momentary. This happened chiefly when an idle noise of talking interrupted his or any other musical performance. This was the greatest offence he could receive, and was instantly chastised by the most severe epithets, without regard to the society or the person guilty of the transgression. Once, when he played at Count P——'s, before persons of the first distinction, he cast round a piercing look of scorn to silence a chattering corner; and when this proved ineffectual, he rose, took his hat and cane, and walked off. On the other hand, whenever Mozart was present at any musical performance, his mind was absent from every thing else around him. His whole soul soon became wrapt up in harmony, and so forcibly was his frame operated upon, that to see him shed abundance of tears, even when there was no vocal text, was a circumstance quite common with him.

Among his hobbies, arithmetic, as we have already stated, took the lead; billiards were the next in favour. He was so partial to this game, that he had a billiard-table in his own house, and, to have always a companion at hand, taught

it his wife, who frequently would play with him even by candlelight, long after the servants had gone to bed.

Of birds and domestic animals he was a great fancier, and all those he took under his care he generally fed himself, with the scrupulous attention of a kind-hearted master. Nature, in her luxuriant garb of vigour, had in him an enthusiastic admirer; and few summers passed that he did not hire a garden in the suburbs of Vienna, where he would attend the cultivation of his flowers, and enjoy the coolness of the evening with his wife and friends.

However irregular in his mode of life, he observed the greatest method and plan in his musical occupations. He kept a catalogue of all his compositions, wherein he entered the subject of every work, with the date of its completion. On the theoretical part of music he has written nothing; a circumstance which is more to be regretted than wondered at. There is extant a letter of his addressed to one of his fair pupils, in which he instructs her as to the manner of playing one of his Fantasias. This letter amply proves both his deep research into his art, and his capability of conveying the results of his study in an impressive and elegant style.

Such was Mozart! like a brilliant comet which for a while illumines the vault of the heavens, obscures the splendour of the stars, and after a brief course vanishes from the eyes of mortals, to return never, or in future ages only; with that welcome difference, however, that while the short stay of the luminous stranger of the heavens lives in our recollection alone, the *genius* of Mozart has left monuments of his greatness, which will be coeval with the duration of harmonic science. Like the poems of Homer, his works stand alone and aloof in stupendous grandeur, deterring to any competitor, and unattainable, perhaps for centuries, if ever; for with the giant fling of his genius he has impelled the whole edifice of our harmonic knowledge forward into the perfection of ages yet unborn.

THE COMMUNICATIVE POCKETS.

By Augustus von Kotzebue.

In the time of Dr. Faustus lived at Bamberg a knight named Herrman, of Runenburg, a handsome young man, whom the fair sex in general viewed with partial eyes, but whose affections yet continued disengaged. Contrary to the custom of youth, his heart was filled with mistrust: he considered all women as deceivers, and knew their scandalous chronicle by heart. He had partly learned the facts from intimate friends and jovial companions, and was partly acquainted with them from his own knowledge. At the age of twenty-five this suspicion of the fair-sex proved a great drawback upon his happiness. Whenever the language of his eyes would have betrayed him, his jealous head was sure to check his willing heart, and to impose silence

on them. This cost him many a struggle, which usually ended with the exclamation, "How provoking, that no reliance is to be placed upon women!"

These words had just escaped him, perhaps for the thousandth time, when he was walking on the banks of a river, his eyes fixed on the ground, and his hands joined behind his back. He all at once espied a ring lying upon the sand at his feet. He picked it up. It was of gold, in which was enchased a crimson stone. It did not seem to be of any great value, but was too pretty to be left where it was. Herrman put it on his finger and slowly pursued his walk.

It was not long before he heard some one running after him. He turned, and beheld a man of tall stature and with a face uncommonly wrinkled, while his eyes glowed like fire beneath his bushy eyebrows.

"Stranger," said he, "have you found a ring?"

"Yes," replied Herrman, "is it your's?"

"It is mine, and most unfortunate shall I be unless I recover it."

"There it is!" said Herrman, and would have pulled it from his finger.

"Stop!" cried the man, in an authoritative tone; "be not so hasty. You must restore it to me voluntarily."

"Well, there it is, voluntarily."

"I cannot take it till you know who I am, and what virtue resides in this ring. Fate compels me to reveal both, or to renounce the ring for ever, as a punishment for my carelessness."

"Speak then!"

"I am Dr. Faustus."

Herrman started. "I have heard a great deal about you," said he.

"In this crimson stone," continued the other, "is inclosed a powerful spirit. It is obedient to the possessor of the ring. Now you know all. Be generous."

Herrman was a good Christian, who wanted to have nothing to do with suspicious spirits. He therefore returned the ring, without ceremony, to the great joy of the sorcerer.

"You have acquired a claim to my gratitude," said Dr. Faustus, "tell me how I can serve you?"

"I have no occasion for your services," rejoined Herrman.

"Who knows," replied the other, "but what you may at some future time, if you have not at present? you shall always find me at your service." With these words he departed.

"Ho! Doctor!" cried Herrman, as soon as he was gone; "I have just thought that you may, perhaps, have it in your power to render me an important service just now."

"What is it?"

"I would fain find a female on whom to fix my affections."

"That is a business for which you don't want my assistance. Beauty is the charm that must operate there."

"But I should like to know whether she to whom I would give my heart, is worthy of possessing it. Can you teach me the art of reading what passes in the female bosom?"

Dr. Faustus smiled. "Indeed I cannot," said he; "neither can any of my spirits."

"Then, farewell, I have nothing farther to ask."

"Hem," muttered the magician, "I should be sorry to let your kindness go unrequited. Let us see what we can do. To comply with your wish in its full extent is absolutely impossible, even if I were to raise up Satan himself from the infernal regions: but I can furnish you with the means of accomplishing your object in the majority of cases. Among my spirits I have a little artful dæmon, whom I commonly use as a spy. I had lent him to a papal nuncio at the imperial court, who is lately dead. A jealous wife has to be sure just applied to me for the loan of my Puttli, but you shall have the preference. He shall accompany you wherever you go; he shall slip into the pockets of all the persons with whom you may happen to be in company, and inform you of their contents."

"And of what benefit will that be to me?"

"Of the very greatest, my dear friend. If you did but know what people had in their pockets, you would seldom be mistaken in your opinion concerning them."

"And if I should be at a loss what inference to draw from the contents of a pocket, can Puttli help me out?"

"No: he can only give you a faithful account of what he has found. It will be your business to draw conclusions."

"Well, I'll try at least."

Dr. Faustus now began to make preparations to summon little Puttli; but Herrman begged to dispense with his personal attendance, alledging that it was quite sufficient if he did but hear him.

"You shall hear me at the right time," suddenly cried a delicate voice, which, in spite of its subtilty, caused the knight to shudder. He soon became familiarized, however, with his invisible attendant, and the same evening went to the court of the Bishop of Bamberg, where on this occasion he found an assembly of men only.—"Never mind," thought he, "I will begin with selecting a friend."

The company was numerous: it was composed of ecclesiastics, knights, and ambassadors of foreign courts, men of the most sanctified appearance and the most edifying conversation. The bishop was engaged in discourse with the confessor, on the immorality of the age, on which subject both made many pious and impressive observations. The attentive Herrman was particularly delighted with the words full of unction which fell from the lips of the confessor. "How happy should I be," thought he, "had I such a venerable Mentor for my inexperience. Puttli, slip into his pocket, if thou art not too much afraid of the beads which thou wilt certainly find there."

"There is nothing in me," whispered the pocket, or the roguish Puttli in its stead, in a voice heard only by the knight, "nothing at all but—a key to the chamber of the butler's young wife."

Herrman turned indignantly from the hypocrite. "How scandalously he deceives the bishop!" muttered he to himself.

"No such thing!" cried the bishop's pocket, into which the officious Puttli had crept unbidden. "Here is a love-letter from a nun, who is sister to the confessor."

"Heavens! is it possible! who would have supposed, from their

sanctimonious faces, that their pockets could contain such things?"

The ambassador of a foreign prince now entered, and assured the bishop, in the most glowing terms, that his master was burning with desire to demonstrate the high veneration which he entertained for him.

"It is not true," cried his pocket, "'tis all dissimulation. He is directed to lull the bishop into security, because his master designs to invade the territories of the prelate and carry off his treasures."

Herrman contemptuously turned his back on the ambassador. The circle about the bishop became more and more numerous. Among the rest appeared a chamberlain with silver locks. "In that man, however," thought the knight, "I may venture to place confidence."

"Beware of him," whispered his pocket; "here are false dice."

"But that judge who is just entering with such a dignified air?"

"Here is a torn judgment," said his pocket.

"But why torn?"

"Beside it lies a purse of gold given by the party who lost the cause."

"And who was he?"

"The guardian of defrauded orphans."

"Ah! Puttli! let me hear something to make amends for all these disagreeable reports."

"I dare not tell a falsehood, sir, willingly as I would conceal the truth."

"But who is that man with such a prepossessing countenance, bowing so affably to every person he sees?"

"Rosaries!" cried both his pockets—rosaries of cornelian, and a relic in a little box set with diamonds."

"A pious man, beyond a doubt?"

"They are pledges on which he has lent money."

"And this officer, who is relating his military achievements with such eloquence?"

"Here is a box of ointment," cried the pocket.

"Probably to heal his wounds."

"Yes—those upon his back," whispered Puttli.

"Alas!" thought the worthy knight of Runenburg, "by what a set of scoundrels am I surrounded!"

"They are neither better nor worse," rejoined Puttli, "than those with whom you have hitherto associated; only you had never before an opportunity of examining their pockets."

"Gladly would I drop the discouraging scrutiny for the present," rejoined Herrman:—"but I should first like to know something more of that venerable father. He is chaplain to the court, a zealous defender of the faith, a man who is not afraid to utter bold truths in the pulpit."

"I am empty," said the pocket.

"Quite empty?"

"Here is nothing but the handkerchief which wipes away, in the pulpit, the perspiration that bedews the brow of the energetic preacher."

"God be praised!" exclaimed Herrman, "him at least I may trust. He drew nearer to Father Jerome, and listened attentively to the admirable precepts which drop-

ped from his lips. Next morning he repaired to the church, and placed himself near the pulpit, that he might not lose a single word. What thunderbolts did the holy man hurl against all heretics! What a hideous picture he drew of the sulphureous lake, to which they will be everlastingly consigned! Honest Herrman was deeply affected; he never thought of concerning himself about the pious father's pocket, but the rogue Puttli sneaked into it, and laughed.

"For shame, Puttli! how can you laugh?"

"I am reading a treatise that swarms with heresies."

"He probably intends to refute them. Don't you hear how zealously he contends for the true faith?"

"Ah, no! 'tis written by himself. Those who are most orthodox in the pulpit, are often the worst heretics in their hearts."

Herrman sighed as he went out of the church. "I'll have nothing more to do with men," said he, angrily. "Let me turn to the fair-sex, perchance there I may discover at least one upright soul."

He now became what is termed a lady's man. Wherever females were assembled, the handsome Herrman of Runenburg was sure to be among them, and Puttli was busily employed in diving into one pocket after another: but the intelligence which he obtained was rarely satisfactory.

The fair Margaret listened to him with modest blushes and downcast eyes, and when he talked of love, the dear inexperienced soul knew not what he meant. Her pocket, however, told a different story:—"Here is a billet, in which the Knight Ulric promises to pay her a visit to-morrow night."

Louisa, a brunette, declaimed, with sparkling eyes, on the degeneracy of the age. Ten years before, when she was in the first bloom of youth, things were totally different; virtue and chastity were then to be found among the sex. At the same time, a letter of remonstrance from a poor woman in the country, complained bitterly of her backwardness in paying for the nursing of an infant, whose history was best known to herself.

Cunigund, with a sigh, condemned the vanity of the world, the sinful hankering after finery and ornaments for the person, whilst rouge-box, comb, and mirror rattled in her pocket, among hundreds of receipts for washes and cosmetics.

A mother spoke with unction of the Christian education of her children, and described her whole time as being engaged in that most important of duties. Puttli, however, found her pocket full of songs and ballads, which she composed in rivalship of Wolfram von Eschenbach and Henry von Veldeck, the most celebrated minstrels of that day.

A matron lamented the absence of her husband in the strongest terms that conjugal love could dictate; but the treacherous pocket concealed a ladder of silken cord, which she was accustomed to let down every night from the balcony for her favoured inamorato.

"I shall presently drive thee back to thy infernal master," cried Herr-

man to the little dæmon. "Thou extinguishest the last spark of my confidence in men, and deprivest me of the last ray of hope, that I shall ever find the reward of my valour and the happiness of my life on the bosom of a female upon whom I can rely."

(To be continued.)

PRIDE:—A VISION.

Loca nocte silentia latè,
Sit mihi fas audita loqui: sit numine vestro,
Pandere res altâ terrâ et caligine mersas.

VIRG.

THERE are times when the mind loves to retire within itself, to escape from the turmoil of this lower scene of things, and to examine objects suggested by its own thoughts, as images reflected in a mirror. Thus engaged, it is, as it were, the general of its own forces: it may review them, in order to ascertain their strength, and to correct their several weaknesses, or supply their deficiencies, and thus be enabled to wage a successful warfare against the bland allurements of vice, whose forces occupy most of the strong-holds of the affections of the world.

In a reverie of this sort some evenings since, I was insensibly led, by a train of kindred reflections, to a contemplation of the various obstacles thrown into the human character by passion, to obviate the beneficial efforts of virtue, and the consequent diffusion of happiness. From the recollection of a particular circumstance I went into a practical enquiry (if I may be allowed that expression) into its primary causes, and discovered, that pride had been the sole, though latent, principle of much unhappiness. I was thence induced to examine this vice in a more general way; and the result of my speculation was, a melancholy conviction, that it was of universal sway, more or less, over the hearts of all mankind. From these reflections I had so strongly impressed the subject on my mind, that on retiring to bed, I had the following dream:—

I was transported into a high-road, where I saw crowds of people of both sexes, who were all travelling in the same direction; and by the anxiety visibly impressed upon their countenances, they had some object of no common importance which it was their study to obtain. All was silence. Every one was wrapt up in his own meditations; yet they all pressed on with great eagerness, apparently to the same point. I involuntarily mixed among them. We soon arrived at a magnificent gate, which was the entrance into a spacious garden. We went in, and were conducted by a beautiful winding path to the centre of this second Paradise, for so it appeared. Our ears were delighted wlth all the variety of music; and Harmony, one would have thought, had left the world to fling rapture over the souls of the inhabitants of this blessed seclusion. My attention, however, was taken off from the attractive witcheries of the place by a curious

and irresistible impulse to know where I was, and to enquire what could be the object of the numerous persons in whose company my steps were bent to this enchanting spot. But I had only to rouse myself from the admiration and astonishment into which the hurry of things had thrown me, to satisfy my curiosity. I looked up and beheld a female figure seated on a superb throne. She was dressed in the most extravagant manner, and tricked out with baubles of all descriptions, sizes, and colours; indeed, she was more like a morris-dancer than the mistress of such a place; but though her dress was by no means tasteful, yet it was astonishingly splendid. In fineness it far exceeded silk, and it vied with the rainbow in its glowing richness and variety of colour. On her head she wore a crown of great brilliancy, and immense diamonds, and pearls, and precious stones, of all descriptions, were spread in great profusion over her person. I soon discovered that she was the deity of the place. Her name was *Pride;* and the people who were already assembled, and who still kept pouring in from all parts of the garden, were her votaries, who had come to worship her. At her feet stood a monster which had something of the figure of a man, though in other respects he approached nearer to the nature of a brute. His right foot was placed on the neck of a beautiful virgin, who appeared to be in the agonies of death; with his left he kept down a modest youth, who lay prostrate on the ground. He answered the sighs of the one, and chastised the impatience of the other, by alternate stripes administered with a horrible scourge, composed of living serpents, which he held in his right hand. This monster I understood to be *Power;* under his right fool was *expiring Liberty*, and his left repressed the soaring imagination of *Genius.*

But now commenced the business of the day.

The first who submissively crowded to the goddess, and humbled himself before the throne, I discovered, by a certain obsequiousness cowering on his lengthened visage, to be an *ex-minister of state.* He also betrayed himself by casting a haughty and disdainful eye upon *expiring Liberty*, and a look of utter contempt upon degraded *Genius.* After repeating a prayer so low that no one could hear (whence it was whispered round, that it was "*no good*"), and a close conference with the monster *Power*, he arose with evident signs of a favourable hearing. *Pride* had already imparted a sullen blaze to his eye, and *Power* had planted the standard of *Ambition* on his lately dejected countenance. He stalked off with the conscious superiority of the one, which enabled him to display with exultation the consequence given to him by the other.

A person next addressed himself to the goddess, who called himself a *Patriot.* He prayed for fame and popularity, which plainly evinces, that he was a patriot only *by courtesy;* for, according to the common notion of us who were below the throne, the proper duty of a patriot appeared to be (as the name imports), *to have the interest of his country at heart*, and not to consist in

the art of fascinating and deluding a sanguine and unwary people by the false glare of oratory, by whose aid he might varnish over his idle professions of patriotism. The love of our country can neither be shewn by making a long and violent harangue upon a hustings, nor abusing a minister of state and his measures, however heartily, in any assembly. The lungs are not in such sympathetic union with the heart, that the strength of the one should betoken the firmness of the other. His prayer was, however, granted without question or dispute.

I next saw a long procession, which I soon discovered to be composed of the *clergy;* and I had not time to reflect upon the seeming indecency of the ministers of the Gospel invoking a power, against whom I had so frequently heard them declaim with the greatest vehemence, before a bishop approached the throne, and implored both *Pride and Power*, that they would graciously lend him their assistance in raising him to the primacy. He expatiated at large upon the great advantages the people would derive from his filling that elevated station; that he could the more effectually enforce the doctrines of *Christian charity* and *mutual forbearance;* the shamefulness of *luxury*, and the necessity of *self-denial;* and (what surprised me most) *the vanity of pomp, splendour*, and *riches*, when opposed to the *mildness of humility* and the *content of poverty*. Deans and prebendaries prayed to be exalted to *bishoprics*, that they might preach the Gospel with more beneficial effect, and that their *characteristic benevolence* might be universally extensive. The lowest order of the clergy insisted, though with many expressions of deference and submission, on the indispensable necessity of *pulpit eloquence* to bring back the lost sheep to their folds. It seemed to me, however, that the fame of being esteemed fine preachers, and the more persuasive arguments of *avarice*, were the real motives of their supplications. Cowper's admirable picture of a good preacher, and his faithful delineation of the contrary character, rushed unbidden upon my recollection.

Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul,
Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own,
Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
His master strokes, and draw from his design.
I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture; much impressed himself,
As deeply conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too; affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty man.
Behold the picture! Is it like? Like whom?
The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
And then skip down again; pronounce a text;
Cry, hem! and reading what they never wrote,
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And with a well-bred whisper close the scene.

To my astonishment, however, they were all dispatched with assurances of favour.

An innumerable group with white wigs and black gowns now presented themselves: these, I was told, were *lawyers*, and that it was a common practice in the long vacation to pay their devotions *for the year;* for that they were so closely engaged all the rest of the year, particularly in term time, that they had not even sufficient leisure to say

their prayers. Whether they were ashamed of the prayers they offered up, I know not; but they hurried them over in such a confused and indistinct manner, that some one jocosely whispered in my ear, that it reminded him of the *incantations of wizards.* What passed, I do not pretend to say; it had, however, the desired effect, and they went away, like many other great men, well pleased with a smile and a gracious nod.

The crowd now pressed forward, and offered up their several petitions. Women prayed for *beauty*, and soldiers for *military honours.*

Those sigh'd for love, and these for glory.

A variety of other petitions were presented by persons whose callings I did not learn, nor could distinguish.

I perceived, however, a body of *authors* attempting to get near the throne, but they were pushed aside by a superior force of blustering critics, who, together with commentators and compilers, darkened the face of *day*, as they not unfrequently make obscure the face of *learning:* but the remedy is as bad as the disease*. *Genius*, who had long been depressed by the overbearing weight of *Power*, now broke loose, and was about to drive these unworthy candidates for fame from his offended presence, into the "outer darkness" of oblivion, when *Power* again seized him, and was in the act of lashing him with his terrific scourge of serpents. At this moment the horror with which the sight thrilled my whole frame, abruptly roused me from my slumber.

SOMNIATOR.

* A cloud of critics, of compilers, of commentators, darkened the face of learning; and the decline of genius was soon followed by the corruption of taste.—GIBBON's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.*

MISCELLANEOUS FRAGMENTS AND ANECDOTES.

GENEROUS REQUITAL.

ALEXANDER DE MEDICIS, who was sent on a mission from Pope Clement to the Emperor Charles V. lived in a style of such magnificence in Flanders, where the emperor then resided, that he had expended all his money before he could receive any supplies from Florence. A rich merchant of Antwerp, hearing of his embarrassment, carried to the cardinal 50,000 crowns, requesting him to accept that sum, and to repay it when convenient. He said nothing about interest; and thus rendered the cardinal, in every point of view, a most acceptable service. This merchant was some time afterwards greatly reduced by misfortunes, so that he was under the necessity of soliciting the cardinal to repay the loan. The latter not only returned the 50,000 crowns, but made him a present of a like sum, as a testimony of his gratitude for the confidence which he alone had placed in his honour, and lent him 50,000 more, without interest, to be repaid when it suited him.

THE FATHERS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

An opulent widow at Naples had made her will, in which she be-

queathed all her property to the Jesuits; but was afterwards persuaded by her poor relations to annul this disposition by another in their favour. The testatrix died; her will was opened, and, to the mortification of the Jesuits, they found the property disposed of in a very different manner from what they had expected. They appealed against this will, but without success, and lost their suit. The morning after this decision, they found inscribed over the gate of their convent—"Here dwell the Fathers of the Old Testament, who have no part in the New."

ORIGIN OF BLIND-MAN'S BUFF.

The French, as every body knows, call the game of Blind-man's buff, *Colin-Maillard*. The origin of this denomination is as follows:—Father Maillard, a preacher, who was much feared in his time, on account of his severity, was the confessor of Charles VIII. This prince had a female favourite named Carnelle. The father often came when the king was at supper with her, and his presence was not the most agreeable to the playful mistress of the monarch. In order that she might have some mirth with him, and by degrees induce him to take part in the romps and sports which he disturbed, she hit upon the idea of running away, while the king was to catch her. "There is no art," said she, "in catching me, for you run faster than I can, but suppose I were to tie something over your eyes."—"Well, do so," said the king, whom she used to call her Colin. She accordingly fastened a handkerchief over his eyes, and in this state he endeavoured to catch her. The other ladies mingled in the sport, and even Maillard himself took a share in the diversion. The new game soon spread from the court to the city, and received the name of *Colin-Maillard*, after the enamoured monarch and the rigid confessor.

POWER OF GOOD WINE.

The wine of Mantes was formerly in great request, because it did not spoil in the most distant voyages. Rubruquis, the Franciscan, who was sent to the Great Chan of the Tartars, presented a large flask of this wine to that prince, who found it so excellent, that he was induced by means of it to adopt the Christian religion. The missionary intimates in his report, that if he had had more of this wine with him, he might have converted the son of the prince, the celebrated Dschengis Khan, also to Christianity.

COUNTESS MIRABEAU.

Mirabeau, the father of him who acted so conspicuous a part in the French revolution, was universally known by the honourable appellation of *L'Ami des Hommes*, because he had published a work with that title, and was, in reality, a man of the most benevolent disposition. His wife was equally celebrated for intrigue. One day, when she was entering a large company, Piron, who was present, announced her as *Madame la Comtesse de Mirabeau, l'Amie des Hommes.*

THE PHILOSOPHIC PEASANT.

A king of Persia, taking one day the diversion of hunting, perceived a very aged man planting a walnut-tree. He rode up to him, and asked how old he was. "I am four years old," replied the peasant. One of the courtiers re-

proved him for giving so absurd an answer in the presence of the monarch. "You censure me unjustly," rejoined the old man. "I know what I say; for rational people would not reckon that time which men lose in folly and worldly cares. Accordingly, I consider that only as my real age which I have spent in the worship of God, and in the performance of my duty to my neighbour." The king, admiring this original method of reasoning, observed, that he could not hope to see the tree which he was planting arrive at maturity. "True," replied the peasant, "but as others who went before us planted the trees that yield us fruit, it is but right that we should plant for those who are to come after us."—"Excellent!" cried the king: on which the treasurer, according to custom, whenever his majesty testified his approbation aloud, gave the old man a thousand pieces of gold. The acute rustic received the present with profound obeisance, saying—"The trees of other people, O king, are forty years in attaining maturity, but mine bear fruit as soon as they are planted."—"Bravo!" exclaimed the king, and another purse of gold was given to the old man, who hereupon observed—"Other people's trees bear fruit but once a year, but mine yield two crops in one day."—"Incomparable!" replied the king, and a third purse was delivered to the peasant. The monarch clapped spurs to his horse, with these words:—"I dare not stay longer, good old man, otherwise thy wit would exhaust my treasury."

THE IGNORANT SCHOOLMASTER.

A village schoolmaster, who had formerly been a barber, was once engaged in a controversy with the parson, respecting the propriety of a certain expression.—"It is quite a barbarism," said the rector.—"A *barberism!*" cried the pedagogue: "do you mean to reproach me on account of my former profession? May not a barber speak as good English as a parson?"

CURE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Kamhi, Emperor of China, was particularly anxious that his table should be regularly supplied with European wines. One day he invited a mandarin, who was an especial favourite, to drink with him; and on this occasion he became so inebriated, that he fell fast asleep. The mandarin, apprehensive of the bad consequences which might ensue from this intemperance, went to the eunuchs, and acquainted them with the condition of the emperor. He represented to them, that it was to be feared the monarch might accustom himself to such excesses; and that wine might tend to excite sill more his already irritable temper, in which case his most intimate friends would not be safe from mal-treatment. "To prevent so great an evil," added he, "you must put me in chains, and throw me into a dungeon, as if by the emperor's command." The eunuchs, for their own sake, complied with his desire. The emperor, on awaking, was surprised to find himself alone, and enquired for his companion. He was told that the mandarin had unfortunately fallen under his majesty's displeasure, that he had been by his command thrown into a dungeon, whence he would soon be removed for execution. The mo-

narch sat for a moment in thought, and then ordered the mandarin to be brought into his presence. He appeared loaded with fetters, and fell at his sovereign's feet, like a malefactor awaiting the sentence of death. "What has reduced you to this condition?" asked the prince. "What crime have you committed?"—"I know not my crime," replied the mandarin; "only this I know, that your majesty ordered me to be carried to prison and executed." The emperor became still more thoughtful, and betrayed the greatest uneasiness and embarrassment. At length, ascribing the supposed injustice to the immoderate use of wine, he ordered the mandarin's chains to be struck off, and from that day avoided all intemperance in drinking.

REMARKABLE DEATH OF A CATHOLIC PRIEST.

Urban Nikolai, after his secession from the Lutherans, joined the Catholics, and became parish priest at Kühnwalde, near Bautzen. On Trinity Sunday 1537, he launched, while in the pulpit, into the most vehement abuse of Luther, and concluded with saying, "If Luther's doctrine be true, may the lightning of heaven strike me dead!" The most extraordinary part of this story is, that this fate befel him the very same night.

SINGULAR EXPEDIENT OF A COURTIER.

Bois Robert presented his nephew to Cardinal Richelieu when the minister was taking a walk, and a moment afterwards threw the young man into the basin of a fountain. All the persons present were much alarmed, thinking that he would be drowned. "Are you mad?" cried the cardinal. "No, monseigneur," was the reply; "I know what I am about: without this little experiment, you would have forgotten my nephew as you have done many others."

EFFECT OF MUSIC ON SNAKES.

On this subject Mr. Forbes gives the following particulars in his *Oriental Memoirs*:—"The Cobra di Capello, or hooded snake, called by the Indians naag, or nagao, is a large and beautiful serpent; but one of the most venomous of all the coluber class; its bite generally proves mortal in less than an hour. It is called the hooded snake, from having a curious hood near the head, which it contracts or enlarges at pleasure: the centre of this hood is marked in black and white, like a pair of spectacles, from whence it is also named the spectacle-snake. Of this genus are the dancing snakes, which are carried in baskets throughout Hindoostan, and procure a maintenance for a set of people, who play a few simple notes on the flute, with which the snakes seem much delighted, and keep time by a graceful motion of the head; erecting about half their length from the ground, and following the music with gentle curves, like the undulating lines of a swan's neck. It is a well attested fact, that when a house is infested with these snakes, and some others of the coluber genus, which destroy poultry and small domestic animals, as also by the larger serpents of the boa tribe, the musicians are sent for; who, by playing on a flageolet, find out their hiding-places, and charm them to destruction: for no sooner do the snakes hear the music, than

they come softly from their retreat, and are easily taken. I imagine these snakes were known in Palestine, from the psalmist comparing the ungodly to the deaf adder, which stoppeth her ears, and refuseth to hear the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely. When the music ceases, the snakes appear motionless; but if not immediately covered up in the basket, the spectators are liable to fatal accidents. Among my drawings is that of a cobra de capello, which danced for an hour on the table while I painted it; during which I frequently handled it, to observe the beauty of the spots, and especially the spectacles on the hood, not doubting but that its venomous fangs had been previously extracted. But the next morning, my upper servant, who was a zealous Mussulman, came to me in great haste, and desired I would instantly retire, and praise the Almighty for my good fortune. Not understanding his meaning, I told him, that I had already performed my devotions, and had not so many stated prayers as the followers of his prophet. Mahomed then informed me, that while purchasing some fruits in the bazar, he observed the man who had been with me on the preceding evening, entertaining the country people with his dancing snakes: they, according to their usual custom, sat on the ground around him; when, either from the music stopping too suddenly, or from some other cause irritating the vicious reptile which I had so often handled, it darted at the throat of a young woman, and inflicted a wound of which she died in about half an hour. Mahomed once more repeated his advice for praise and thanksgiving to Alla, and recorded me in his calendar as a lucky man."

Dr. Russell, in his valuable treatise on Indian Serpents, has distinguished between the venomous and the harmless species, in the three genera of *boa*, *coluber*, and *anguis*: he has given an accurate description and coloured engravings of forty-three of the most common serpents in Hindoostan; experiments on the effects of their bite, and the several remedies applied; with observations on the apparatus provided by nature for preparing and instilling their poison: he mentions, that a quantity of warm Madeira wine, taken internally, with an outward application of eau-de-luce on the punctures, was generally successful in curing the bite of the most venomous species; and that the medicine called the Tanjore pill, seemed to be equally efficacious. Dr. Russell further observes, that "of forty-three serpents examined and described by him, seven only were found with poisonous organs; and upon comparing the effects of the poison of five Oriental serpents on brute animals, with those produced by the poison of the rattle-snake and the European viper, it may in general be remarked, that they all produce morbid symptoms nearly similar, however much they may differ in the degree of their deleterious power, or the rapidity of its operation. The bite of a rattle-snake in England killed a dog in two minutes; the bite of the most pernicious snake in India was never observed to kill a dog in less than twenty-seven minutes."

THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. XXXVII.

Man, in his ev'ry turn and feature,
Appears but an imperfect creature;
And such intended by the Power
Who call'd him to his natal hour:
But still with all the means endued,
To be a being great and good;
If, in his road through toil and pain,
He strives that honour to attain.
But, in his most resplendent hour,
The clouds of ill are seen to lour;
And from his most determin'd way,
He cannot fail sometimes to stray:
All we can hope,—that in the scale
The good may o'er the ill prevail.

DRYDEN.

It is one of the errors of philosophy, to judge of a man from systems of its own, which have so little foundation in the nature of that being whose faculties they pretend, I might say, presume, to analyse. Hence it is that we see him sometimes raised to the character of a demi-god, or sunk into the mere instinct of a brute. Now, as it happens, he is neither the one nor the other, but compounded of both, and according to the greater or less exercise of the rational faculties with which he is so pre-eminently endowed, he rises towards the one, or sinks to the other. It is not necessary for my purpose, to enlarge on the effects produced by the philosophical sects of former ages, or the fanatical enthusiasts of our own. It will be sufficient for me to observe, that man is a probationary creature, that he is free to stand or fall, and is precisely what he was intended to be; a being whose actions are to be influenced, under various modifications and dispensations, by the sense of a finite and uncertain state, an overlooking Providence, and a future world. That we are frail by nature, is a truth essential to the human character; but it is attended with the consolatory conviction, that he who made us so, does not expect perfections from us, and will pardon errors which do not proceed from wilful corruption and obstinate perseverance in evil.

There is an ancient fable, illustrative of this subject, which is equally just in its moral, and humorous in its narrative; and which has been so modernized, as to justify me in the hope that it will administer to the entertainment of my readers.

Jupiter, after he had seized the throne of Saturn, conquered the Titans, and made the universe his own, leaving the government of this lower world and the affairs of mankind to the inferior deities. Each, it seems, had his separate votaries, and it was so arranged, that no one was to interfere in the department of another. Mars was generalissimo of the soldiery of all nations; Neptune was lord high admiral; Bacchus presided over clubs and festivals; Mercury over trade; Apollo over wit and physic; Minerva over learning; Venus and the Graces over beauty; Juno over marriage; Diana over chastity, &c.

In the first ages of the world, the affairs of men seemed to be in a very flourishing condition; but the face of things began gradually to change, till at last a general depravity appeared to prevail over the face of the earth. At length the celestial deputies, finding themselves unequal to the task imposed upon them, and angry with mankind, petitioned Jupiter to take the government of them into his own hands: but he treated their request with a resentful dignity, commanding them to proceed as they had begun, and leave the consequences to himself. The deities, perplexed at their repulse, convened a council among themselves, in which it was agreed, that they should present a second petition to Olympus, requesting that, for the better understanding the nature of mankind, they should have permission to pay a visit to the world, and take upon them for a time the several natures of their respective votaries. Jupiter was amused at the conceit, and consented to their petition, but with this particular limitation, that they should be entirely divested of all supernatural power; and, as they were to personate mortals, that they should be subject to their frailties.

These condescending personages consented to the will of Jove, and, having deliberated on the several parts they were to act, made their descent upon the earth. Mars immediately purchased an ensigncy in the Guards, where his figure, activity, and personal attractions, soon advanced him to a higher rank. His equipage was dashing; his dress was in the same style; he danced with elegance, and he swore with grace. He could occasionally knock down a watchman, or cane an impertinent waiter, make a riot in a tavern, storm a brothel, rattle a dice-box, and exhibit a most military figure on the parade: but having unfortunately attempted liberties with the wife of a friend, he was called out on the occasion, and having refused to make the required apologies for his misconduct, he was compelled to meet the injured husband in Hyde Park, where he received a shot, which, after a few days of agony and distress, consigned him to the tomb.

Neptune was a rough, hardy seaman, and was so very fortunate as to get appointed to a frigate at a very early age. It so happened, that he fell in with a fleet of Spanish merchantmen from South America, which at once enriched him with the spoil. His prudence was, however, equal to his courage; for it had been remarked, that he had never sought reputation in the cannon's mouth; and having had the misfortune to mistake his admiral's signal to attack, for a signal to sheer off, and not happening to have any interest with the minister, he was called to a court-martial, which cruelly declared him to be incapable of remaining in the service; so that nothing was left for him but to retire into an inland part of the country, where he had purchased a large estate, and drown all remembrance of his disgrace in rural amusements and bacchanalian hospitality.

Bacchus became a country squire, a decided sportsman, and never thought the day well spent which was not concluded by his being conducted, in a state of intoxica-

tion, to his bed. He was well-tempered in his cups, generous in his disposition, careless of his affairs: he attended to nothing with seriousness, but the boundary of his manors and the preservation of his game, a temper which involved him in continual quarrels with the neighbouring gentlemen, and made him the prey of the attornies who fomented them. These gentry, who ate his dinners, drank his wine, and picked his pocket, hastened the effects of his general extravagance; so that, in a few years, he was obliged to sell his estate, and was soon afterwards so reduced in his circumstances, that, after various unsuccessful endeavours to gain a livelihood, he became a servant at a public-house, and drew beer for hackney-coachmen and porters.

Mercury was a linen-draper in the city, and acquired a fortune by being three times a bankrupt; but happening to be detected in his arrangements for getting advantageously through a fourth commission, having been betrayed by an attorney whom he had entrusted with a large sum of money, of which he had no proof, he was stripped of all his wealth, and very narrowly escaped the gallows. He afterwards gained a precarious livelihood by pilfering; and at length became the captain of a notorious gang of thieves, when being taken, he was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged; but to save the honour of Olympus, he was recalled to heaven from the condemned hole in Newgate.

Apollo commenced his mortal career in the character of physician; and dismissing, by his pills, boluses, and panaceas, such numbers of souls to the shades below, that Charon delivered in a petition for a larger and stronger boat, as his present wherry was in danger of sinking every time he passed the Styx. Jupiter, concerned for the human race, and incensed at his daily murders, commanded him to begin the world again in some less obnoxious profession. Apollo obeyed the supreme injunction, and became a wit. He now composed plays, satires, sonnets, and melo-dramas. He wrote adulatory dedications to any one who would pay for them; and libels against the best men in the kingdom, if the worst would reward him. At length, having lost his principal patron, by refusing to marry his cast-off mistress, he was reduced to toil in a garret, on bread and water, for the booksellers.

Minerva was a lady of brilliant parts and great learning, but an incorrigible slattern. She never stuck a pin in her clothes, nor changed them till they were worn out. Her linen was stained with ink, her hair was seldom combed, her stockings were frequently full of holes, and she walked slip-shod. She did not appear to be attached to any thing but an owl, which hung in a wicker cage in her room. Her conversation was learned, but unintelligible. When she wrote, heroics flowed from her pen, and her earthly career concluded by marrying an Irish usher at a country academy.

Venus, who had at all times shewn a disposition towards mortal lovers, was quite delighted with the idea of frisking about this world of ours; and so well pleased was she with her abode here, that she

never entertained a wish to resume her immortality, till her gay, tonish life had so impaired her health, that she was obliged to take up her residence in the chambers of a public hospital.

Diana retained her former disposition. She was a great prude, but contrived to meet an Endymion every moon-light night. This was attended with no domestic inconvenience in her immortal state; but here the nature of things was changed, and poor Diana found herself, at the close of her earthly career, with a family of seven children, whom she left to be maintained by the parish.

Of Juno it is only said, that she scolded seven husbands to death; and of the Graces, that they were very neat, well-dressed girls till they were married, when they became the most arrant sluts in their respective neighbourhoods.

Having staid the time allotted them upon earth, they were all summoned to heaven in their human forms and habits, to make their appearance before the throne of Jupiter. Mars and Neptune made a tolerable figure, but they could not help discovering somewhat of an awkward sensation, that their recollections might hint to them. Bacchus was in a greasy jacket and dirty pantaloons, with a string of pewter-pots thrown across his shoulder. Mercury appeared fettered and hand-cuffed, with a cap on his head and a halter round his neck. Apollo appeared in an old great-coat, which covered a dirty shirt, half-boots which had forgot the feel of blacking, with stockings without feet, and a hat that seemed to have been stolen from a scare-crow; his features were begrimed with snuff, and his mouth crammed with tobacco. As Minerva approached to make her curtsey, Jupiter told her to keep at a distance, and declared his aversion to learned ladies, who thought it beneath their profound wisdom to keep themselves sweet. He then called aloud to Flora, to perfume the air and sprinkle his beard with otto of roses. Venus held her fan before her face, ashamed to discover the ravage which human disease had made in it: she was, however, ordered to display her diminished beauties, which she did with successive hiccoughs, when the thunderer ordered her a cup of ambrosia, to moderate the effects of the Hollands which she had taken in the morning before she set out on her journey. Diana complained of a dropsy, which caused Jove to burst into a fit of laughter that made Olympus shake, and ordered all her virgins into immediate attendance upon her. Juno appeared to be extremely displeased, that she was reserved to be one of the last to be noticed; and was about to express herself in very angry terms on the occasion, when Jupiter, with a gracious nod and an affectionate smile, assured her, that all her seven earthly husbands were safely lodged in Elysium. The Graces would have apologized for being in such a state of dishabille; but Jupiter interrupted their apology by assuring them, with a very kind aspect, that there would be no necessity, in future, for such excuses, as he was determined to have no marriages in heaven.

He now restored them all to their divinities; and, after ridiculing and

rebuking them for their murmurings and curiosity, dismissed them to their several charges, telling them, that they were now enabled to make allowances for the frailties and imperfections of human nature, having experienced, in their own persons, that he had peopled the world with men, and not with gods.

I yesterday received the following brief, energetic epistle, which I take the earliest opportunity of inserting, because I wish to give it an immediate and energetic answer.

LIME-STREET, Midnight.

Mr. *Spectator*,

A most unfavourable character which I read by chance last night, as I never before met with any of your scandalous and malignant lucubrations, is so like me in some of its particulars, that, however unlike in others, it must certainly be intended to represent, or rather misrepresent, me; I therefore feel myself authorized to tell you my opinion of your conduct. Where you have seen me, and how you came to know me, I cannot tell; but a shocking consideration it is, that persons in my situation in life, or indeed in any situation, should be liable to the wanton abuse and malicious scurrility of such hireling, hackney writers as yourself. It is a crying evil, which ought to be a subject for the interference of the law: but as I find, on consulting my first cousin, Counsellor Nimbletongue, that an action will not lie against you, under all the cowardly precautions which you have taken, I am determined to make it a condition with the first gentleman who offers proposals of marriage to me, that before I receive him as a lover, he shall bring me a certificate, that he has laid a cane with no common activity across your shoulders.

SUSAN SPITFIRE.

I beg leave leave to assure Miss Spitfire, that I never saw or heard of her, till she has been pleased to make herself known to me by the agreeable communication which I have just offered, to amuse my readers. As the lady has not mentioned the character which has given her so much offence, I can make no observations upon it; but this I know, that I avoid every thing which is personal in the composition of these papers, and look only to the general features of human nature, as my experience teaches me. If, in the more unpleasing part of my duty, I have dwelt upon the imperfections which Miss Spitfire seems to acknowledge to be a part of her character, I certainly did it with a view to illustrate some truth, or to hold up some example for the instruction of those who peruse my writings. I endeavour, in my pictures of good or bad qualities, to paint from the images which the world offers me; and that I am a successful copyist of the latter, at least, Miss Spitfire's accusation affords a very decisive testimony. She has, poor passionate lady, betrayed herself without alarming me; for as to the threat of a future beating from a lover of her's, I shall not begin to think of guarding against it, till she gets one; and as I presume she does not possess very powerful attractions, it may be some time yet before that event takes place. She may be, indeed, for aught I

know, a lady of fortune; but I could name instances of men, who, after having married rich wives, have, from the personal qualities of their ribs, been very soon of opinion, that gold may be bought at too dear a rate. I am no enemy to this lady or to any one; in short, I am so much her friend as to advise her, whenever she again writes a letter in a passion, to shew it to some cool friend before she dispatches it. Her cousin, Counsellor Nimbletongue, would not have advised her to expose herself as she has now done, to the compassion of the

MODERN SPECTATOR.

ON COMMERCE.

No. XL.

THE women of the island of Johanna are clad in a sort of petticoat, with a jacket and a loose robe; when they go abroad they are veiled: they adorn their legs, their arms, and their ears with a profusion of ornaments, loading the latter with such a variety of pendants, that the lobes are drawn down to their shoulders by their accumulated weight; their arms and wrists are decorated with numerous bracelets made of glass, iron, copper, tin, or silver, according to their rank and fortune. Their children are accustomed to go naked, both male and female, until seven or eight years of age. They consider heat as more prejudicial to the human frame than cold, and think that a free circulation of air around their bodies, is more invigorating and more conducive to health, than being swaddled up in clothes.—Health seems to be (and wisely) the chief object with these people; they have the good sense to consider it as the first and greatest blessing of life. They are conspicuous for their simplicity, obliging disposition, and hospitality: their manners also assume that natural appearance which tends to prove, that they have not yet been quite corrupted by the arts of the more enlightened world, except that, in their former dealings with the Europeans, they were contented and delighted if, in exchange for the minor refreshments they furnished, such as cocoa-nuts, plantains, and other fruits, birds, &c. they received handkerchiefs, glass bottles, pieces of iron, and every kind of ready-made clothes, without caring for money: but, having learned the value of coin, they are no longer eager to obtain trifles, as formerly, for they now insist on being paid for the commodities they furnish, either in money, fire-arms, or gunpowder. The delightful temperature of the climate renders them indolent; they will ask freely for what will give them pleasure in possessing, but are by no means addicted to theft. Of all the Europeans, they treat the English in particular with the greatest cordiality, from a principle of gratitude for the essential assistance they received from them formerly, when at war with the people of Mohilla: at the same time, they are exceedingly jealous of all other nations, especially of the

Portuguese, with whose usurpations on the continent of Africa they are well acquainted. Their language is a corrupt Arabic, blended with that of Zanguebar, a part of the African coast opposite to them, and whence it is more than probable these islands were originally peopled. Their religion is a gross kind of Mahometanism, mingled with the remains of their own ancient superstitions: they hate and fear the devil to such a degree, that they sometimes burn him in effigy, as a mark of their detestation for that common enemy of the human race. There is a considerable number of villages in this island, besides the town of Johanna, where the king resides.

MERCATOR & CO.

COGITATIONS OF SCRIBLERUS.

No. II.

Ah! Fear—ah! frantic Fear,
I see—I see thee near. COLLINS.

NOTWITHSTANDING poor human nature is continually repining, and exclaiming, "All the evils of Pandora's box, without their attendant, Hope, are let loose to make us miserable," yet this is not enough for us; we frequently render our troubles twofold, and increase them by some fictitious phantom of our own raising; we even seem to delight in our own annoyance. The hypochondriac, for instance, not content in having a respite from pain, continues to feel his pulse; he anticipates another fit of agony, he calculates on his dying symptoms, and renders this pause from bodily anguish nearly as acute as the pain he has just felt, by his mental fears. The wretch who speculates in worldly dross, while he hugs his millions, is still harassed by the idea, that some mischance may reduce him to poverty, and that a parish workhouse will close his eyes. The fair-sex, also, are not satisfied with tormenting themselves with fancied jealousies from rivals, or disappointment from dress-makers, but they fill up the vacuum with minor troubles, and those formidable animals, the mouse and the spider, assisted by the vapours, fill up those moments when flattery and scandal have in vain essayed to make them happy. "Some men there are who cannot bear a gaping pig, others a bagpipe tweak i'the nose;" and I know as brave a seaman as ever stepped upon deck, who is absolutely near fainting at the sight of a cat; I also know a rustic who is obliged to leave his landlord's table on seeing a person bite a sharp apple. We all know, that the music of a saw sharpening, or the creak of a fork on a plate, will, to some of us, impart a most exquisite sensation.

But my friend Will Irritable has, I think, after all, found out the most ingenious way of tormenting himself. Will is a married man, and loves his wife; his children, of which he has two, contribute also to his happiness; he lives elegantly, his money comes in without any trouble, and his creditors are sent away satisfied whenever they tender their bills. Will hears the

hurricane burst against his windows, but as he has no "argosy" on the waves, he heeds it not on that account; he reads even of bankruptcies without terror, for his money is under the care of Henry Hase, and unspeculated. Yet, alas! he gets no sleep, for fires will happen, and burglaries may be committed. He is not satisfied, that he has invented preventives for the former, and bolts against the latter. He locks up every door himself, and seems superlatively happy should he catch a half-extinguished cinder lurking near the hearth-rug. He is every night so fastened up, that he might be burnt to death before he could undo his patent lock, or unfix the life-preserver, which fastens his window-bar. He once *lit up* his curtains, in lying in wait for a housebreaker; and at one time a thief contrived to make a nocturnal depredation by ascending a fire-escape, which, ready prepared, depended from his window. In vain every night he has made all safe; in vain he lets down the draw-bolt of his chamber, for servants are now-a-days treacherous; and in vain are the real terrors of his wife when the charged blunderbuss is put under his pillow: he still hears, or thinks he hears, a noise; his wife, seized by the consternation, is sure she hears a shutter fall, and, in imagination, some one is rioting in her china closet—hist again—and all is still. Again they are tucked in bed—'tis a winter's night—they are getting once more into a glow, but the wind blows drearily. Will turns round to his deary, "'Tis a night, my dear, fit for robbers;" this is answered by, "Very true." He has forgot to lock up a silver cup; again she is disturbed with a "hist," a noise is indeed heard below stairs. The clothes are swept off—he jumps

"Antipodes upright"—

the candle is snatched from the table; his knees, naked and trembling, are shuffled to the window; the sash is up, and his head, with whitened tassel cap bedecked, is exposed, while he is thundering out, "Watch! watch!" and poor Mrs. Irritable is left in a bath of perspiration. The key is dropped from the window, the bolts are at length drawn back, and the half-a-sleep guardian of the night enters the passage. It is true, some one has entered the scullery: they sally out against the invader; armed, they enter the pantry; he flees; they rush into the kitchen; again he escapes them; till at last they seize the midnight assassin by the neck; puss is found guilty of burglary and an attempt at privately stealing, for a bunch of sheep's lights is seen on the floor, and the gridiron, which the convicted felon brought with them to the ground, lying by its side. Will comforts himself and his wife with the idea, that it might have been worse—fees the watchman—determines not to abate his vigilance, and, perfectly satisfied with his heroism, prepares to compose himself to sleep.

All this is nothing, however, to what occurred to him last week. It was Friday night, and caution was doubly necessary; for, indeed, but a night before, an old hat had been stolen from a neighbour's passage; and this evening the chimney of Mr. Combustion, the oilman, at the corner of the same street, had been on fire. In the middle of Irritable's first sleep, he was awaked by a noise, apparently

in the room they were in: again my friend is nearly out of bed; his attitude assumes that of a tailor with regard to his legs, but his head and ears are distended to all the length of anticipatory fear. Some one must be in the room—he darts at the lamp, which, for more security, is placed in a recess at some distance; in his over eagerness he upsets it; the light vanishes, and a dreary darkness envelopes him; his fears picture to him the light extinguished by a midnight depredator, and he halloos lustily. Some one seizes him by the tail of his shirt, but from this he is soon relieved by a tremendous rent: but another holds his arm in speechless fury—now some one strikes him—he hears, close to him, the screams of his wife. This would make the lamb a tiger, and he clenches human hair in his fist; while a sort of screaming duetto and a growling bass are kept up by him and his deary. A crowd collect round the house—he is too frighted to get out, and too courageous to let go his hold, and the watchman cannot get in, notwithstanding an iron crow has been for some time tried at the door. The servants sleep too soundly to hear their master's noise, and if they did, have been too often unnecessarily disturbed, to heed him now. At length, a ladder is placed at the window; the broken panes of glass rattle on the ground—lights are brought—no thief is discerned—but, to the astonished beholder, is seen Mrs. Irritable holding fast by the wounded shirt—his hand is fastened in the hair of her head—both, though nearly breathless, exclaiming, "We have got—we have got him!"

A feeble noise is, indeed, heard in the room; the parties recover themselves, and the watchman removing the chimney-board, discovers, not two assassins, but an unfortunate pigeon, whom distress and a recreant pair of legs had driven from the house top.

Plate 14.—ST. STEPHEN'S WALBROOK.

The first account we have of a church in this situation, is in Dugdale's *Monasticon*, where it is recorded, that Eudo, steward of the household to Henry I. gave the church of St. Stephen super Walbrook* to his new founded monastery of St. John, Colchester; and the abbot and convent presented to the living till 1422. In 1428, Sir Robert Chicheley, who had been lord mayor seven years before, gave a plot of ground, 208 feet long and 66 broad, to the parish, for the purpose of erecting a new church, and forming a church-yard. In 1429 he laid the first stone of the proposed fabric, which was finished in 1439. Sir William also contributed the sum of £100 towards its erection, and bore the charges of all the timber-work, besides covering the new structure with lead,

* Walbrook, after which the street of that name is called, was an ancient rivulet, so denominated from an aperture in the city wall between Bishopsgate and Moorgate, by which it entered. This stream, after winding through the city, which it supplied with water, emptied itself into the Thames at Dowgate.

giving all the timber for roofing the side aisles, and defraying the expence of carriage.

This church, after being substantially repaired by the parish, at an expence of upwards of £500, between 1622 and 1632, was destroyed, with the exception of the steeple, by the great conflagration of 1666. In its place was erected the present edifice, from the designs of the great Sir Christopher Wren.

The walls and tower are stone; the roof within, over the middle aisle, is arched; in the centre is a spacious cupola and a lantern. The roof over the rest of the church is flat, covered with lead, and supported by columns and pilasters of the Corinthian order. There are three aisles and a cross aisle paved with stone; and from the street there is an ascent of fifteen steps.

The principal beauties of this justly admired edifice are in the interior. The dome, which is spacious and noble, is finely proportioned to the church, and divided into small compartments, decorated with great elegance; while the roof, which is divided into compartments, is supported by noble Corinthian columns, standing upon elevated pedestals. On the sides under the lower roofs, are circular windows, but the roof is lighted by small arched ones; and at the east end are three very noble arched windows. The appearance produces a striking effect upon entering, as the eye embraces every part at once, except the bases of the columns, which are injudiciously eclipsed by the carving on the top of the pews: but this was not the design of the architect. The roof and cupola are adorned with an entablature and arches, ornamented with shields, palm-branches, and roses of fret-work, and pannels of crocket-work. Over the altar is a beautiful historical painting of the stoning of St. Stephen, from the classic pencil of Mr. West, the venerable President of the Royal Academy. It is scarcely possible to speak in adequate terms of this performance, whether we consider the sublimity of the subject, the chastity of the design, or the correctness of the execution.

"This church, so little noticed by us," says the author of a *Critical Review of Public Buildings*, "is famous all over Europe, and is justly reputed the master-piece of the celebrated Sir Christopher Wren. Perhaps Italy itself can produce no modern building that can vie with this in taste or proportion: there is not a beauty which the plan would admit of, that is not to be found here in the greatest perfection; and foreigners very justly call our judgment in question, for understanding its graces no better, and allowing it no higher a degree of fame."

Whether these remarks are exactly applicable at the present day, we are not prepared to examine, but that the censure conveyed in them would not have been too strong eighty or a hundred years ago, is demonstrated by the following anecdote:—Lord Burlington, the founder of Burlington House, Piccadilly, and who at once patronised and cultivated the arts, being at Rome, was particularly struck with a print of the interior of a church, suspended in one of the apartments in which he had taken up his quarters. Eager to behold this master-

piece of architecture, he ordered his *cicerone* to conduct him to it. The man was for some time mute with astonishment; at length an explanation ensued, and his lordship learned, with no less surprise than shame, that the capital of his native country possessed, in the church of St. Stephen Walbrook, a jewel of the very existence of which he was utterly ignorant. On his return to England, he hurried to London; and such was his impatience to gratify his curiosity, that though it was midnight when he reached the metropolis, he instantly repaired to this church, caused the sexton to be called up, and would not rest till he had gratified himself with an inspection of its beauties by torch-light.

In this sacred edifice Dr. Thomas Wilson, a late rector, and son of the venerable Bishop of Sodor and Man, to shew his respect for Mrs. Macaulay, who had written an intemperate History of the House of Stuart, caused a whole-length statue of her to be erected during her life-time. The indecency of this proceeding was duly noticed and censured, and the statue was removed by Mr. Townley, his successor.

The length of St. Stephen's is 75 feet; breadth, 56; height of the middle roof, 34 feet; of the cupola and lantern, 58; and of the tower, in which are three bells, to the top of the rail and banister, about 74.

The rector of this church, at the time of the Reformation, was Dr. Henry Pendleton. This divine, whose sentiments seem to have nearly coincided with those of the celebrated Vicar of Bray, being once, during the reign of Edward VI. in company with Laurence Sanders, the latter, a man of a meek and diffident spirit, expressed his doubts whether he had strength to endure persecution. Pendleton, on the contrary, boldly declared, that, " for his part, he would see every drop of his fat and the last morsel of his flesh consumed to ashes, before he would swerve from the faith as then established." On the accession of Queen Mary, the rector of Walbrook, however, again changed with the times, and saved his *fat* as well as his *flesh*, whilst the mild, fearful Sanders, rather than abjure his religion, suffered at the stake in Smithfield.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

In consequence of the distressing accounts received from various parts of the Continent, respecting the misery into which many thousands of its innocent inhabitants have been plunged by the calamities of war, a committee, formed about eight years since, for their relief under similar circumstances, have renewed their benevolent exertions. After several private meetings, at one of which, on the 14th of January, those gentlemen, in reliance on the liberality of the British public, determined to remit, by that night's post, the sum of 3500*l*. to such places as had the most urgent need of assistance; a general meeting was convened on the 27th January, at the London

Tavern. The chair, which was to have been filled by his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, who was prevented from attending by indisposition, was taken by Henry Thornton, Esq. M. P. and the following resolutions were unanimously agreed to:—

1. That it appears to this meeting, that the distress arising out of the ravages of war in Germany, and other parts of the Continent, is inconceivably great, and loudly calls on the British nation for the exercise of its accustomed beneficence.

2. That this general meeting, convened by the committee appointed in the year 1805, for relieving the distresses in Germany, and other parts of the Continent, approves most cordially of the object of the committee, and especially of the prompt measures taken at their meetings of the 14th and 18th of January, anticipating the liberality of the British public, and sending immediate succour to the places in greatest need.

3. That an addition to the subscriptions already opened by the committee be now applied for, to meet the relief they have already ordered; and that the committee be desired, without delay, to use its utmost endeavours to procure further contributions, to alleviate, as much as possible, the present unparalleled distress on the Continent.

4. That it be recommended to the committee, in the distribution of the funds, to observe the strictest impartiality, and that the measure of distress in each place or district do regulate the proportion of relief to be afforded.

5. That the several bankers in the metropolis and the country be, and they are hereby requested to receive subscriptions for this great object of charity; and that the country bankers be, and they are hereby requested to remit the amount received, on the 1st day of March, to Henry Thornton, Esq. Bartholomew-lane, with the names of subscribers, and to continue the same on the first day of each subsequent month.

6. That the clergy of the church of England, and ministers of all religious denominations, be, and they are hereby earnestly requested to recommend this important object to their several congregations, and to make public collections in aid of its funds.

7. That all the corporate bodies in the united kingdom be, and they are hereby respectfully requested to contribute to this important object.

8. That the most respectful thanks of this meeting are due, and that they be presented to his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, for his condescending and immediate acquiescence in the request, that he would take the chair on this important occasion.

A subscription was immediately opened, and the contributions advertised up to February 22, amount to about £30,000.

The sums voted by the committee, are as follow:—

Voted on the 14th January.

To Leipzig and its vicinity . .	£500
To Dresden and its vicinity . .	500
To Bautzen and its vicinity . .	500
To Silesia, on the borders of which seventy-two villages were almost entirely destroyed	500
To Lauenburg, Luneburg, and the vicinity of Harburg, in Hanover	500

To the many thousands who have been forced from their habitations in Hamburgh . . . £1000
And at a subsequent meeting on the 18th Jan. to Erfurt, Naumburg, and their vicinity . . 500

Voted on the 28th of January.

To Hamburg and its vicinity . . 1000
To Berlin, its vicinity, and hospitals 1000
To Leipzig and its vicinity . . 1000
To Silesia and Lusatia 500
For the relief of several hundred children, turned out of the Foundling Hospital at Hamburg . . 300

Voted on the 31st Jan.

To Wittemberg and its vicinity . 500
To Halle and its vicinity . . . 500
To Dresden and its vicinity . . 500
To the different towns, villages, and hamlets between Leipsig and Dresden 1000

Voted on the 1st of February.

To be given for the relief of Hanover and its vicinity . . . 500
To be given to Stettin and its vicinity 500

Voted on the 3d of February.

To be given to Stargardt, its hospitals, and vicinity 300

Voted on the 10th of February.

To Liegnitz, Neusalz, Jauer, Bunzlau, and the seventy-two villages of Silesia, which are nearly destroyed 2000
To Bautzen, with the recommendation of Bischoffswerda, Zittau, Lauban, Leubau, and vicinity 600
To Culm and neighbourhood . 500
To Dresden and vicinity . . . 500
To Pirna, Freyberg, and vicinity 500
To Lutzen and vicinity . . . 300
For the peasantry in the vicinity of Leipzig 1000
To Torgau 500
To Naumburg and vicinity . . 500
To Weissenfels and vicinity . . 500
To Erfurt and Eisenach . . . 500
To Dessau and vicinity . . . 500
To Fulda, Hanau, and vicinity . 1000
To Schwerin, Rostock, and vicinity 800
To Wismar and vicinity . . . 200
To Frankfurt and vicinity . . . 500
To Lübeck and vicinity . . . 500
To Lauenburg, Ratzeburg, Lüneburg, Zelle, Haarburg, Staade, and neighbouring villages . . 1000
To Berlin and Wittstock . . . 1000
To be held at Berlin for the sufferers at Magdeburg when that fortress shall be evacuated by the French 1000
To Stettin 500
To Hamburg 1000
To Bremen 500
To Würzburg 500

Voted 17th of February.

To Stettin 500
To the exiles from Hamburg at Altona, Bremen, Lübeck, and wherever they may be 3000
To Kiel in Holstein 500
To Leipzig, Chemnitz, Freyberg, and their vicinity 2000
To Dresden, Pirna, and their vicinity 2000

£36,000

The Literary Meetings at Mr. Ackermann's commenced for the season on Wednesday the 23d of February, and will be continued, on the same evening in each week, until Wednesday the 20th of April inclusive.—The object which Mr. Ackermann proposes in continuing this meeting, is, to be allowed the pleasure of bringing together a select number of gentlemen, professors and lovers of literature and the fine arts. The library in which it is held contains books exclusively upon art, or such as have graphic illustrations, including many of the most splendid publications, English and Foreign, which he trusts will be found interesting to gentlemen who cultivate an acquaintance with the fine arts.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Prelude, Variations and Rondo, for the Harp or Piano-Forte, composed by Bernard Romberg. Op. 18. Pr. 3s.

THE prelude of this publication at once establishes a standard for our expectation in regard to the remainder. It is tasteful, replete with fanciful combination of ideas and scientific demonstrations. An andante of uncommonly chaste simplicity constitutes the theme of the variations, which are conceived in the first style of excellence. We cannot too much applaud var. 4, in which the melody is carried through an uninterrupted flow of slow notes, intersected, as to time, between both hands. The fifth variation exhibits touches of the most delicate harmonic sensibility, first in the major key, and afterwards in minor moods; imparting to the theme, constantly perceptible, a diversity of character and a novel interest, until in the 6th page it merges into an elevated and well contrived conclusion. The subject of the rondo is distinguished by its tranquil unaffected gracefulness, which prevails equally in the accessary portions; modulation is used with judicious economy; although the subject recurs under several allied keys, especially in the fine part in A b (*p.* 9): The termination is bold and brilliant. Although evidently set for the harp, this piece possesses, in an eminent degree, the advantage of adapting itself to the sphere of the piano-forte.

Grand Triumphal March, for two Performers on one Piano-Forte, composed by Ferdinand Ries. Pr. 2s. 6d.

This is truly a grand and striking composition, in which the spark of original genius is as visible as the matured talent of the master. Ushered in by a prelude of drums and fifes, the march (in C) begins in an imposing manner; its second part falls admirably into an episodical portion in E b, from which, by means of minor transitions, the learned author, rather boldly, re-enters his original key. The trio in four flats commands our warmest applause; it is sweet in its melody, yet full of expressive precision and skilfully contrived. Indeed on the score of judicious arrangement and rivetting of the parts, this march deserves the attention of incipient composers, to whom we would recommend a careful examination of the four staves, as a most beneficial means of instruction how to employ four hands on one piano-forte in a workmanlike manner, and with an effect approaching that of a full band; and how to avoid making the four hands move in constant hammering simultaneousness, like a battalion performing the manual exercise.

Les petits Bijoux, consisting of favorite Airs, Dances, and Rondos for the Piano-Forte, composed by the most celebrated Professors. No. 15. Pr. 2s.

In this number we find Mr. Bishop in a character we have seldom seen him in, that of a mere instrumental composer for the piano-forte; we feel therefore the greater pleasure in complimenting him on his success in that walk. The subject is a polonaise of his, in B b, from the melo-drama of "The Brazen Bust," which is throughout

extremely well treated, not only in its own key, but in the kindred scales of F and C (*p.* 2). The whole of the 3d page is particularly meritorious; its several neat modulations breathe entirely the spirit of the theme. The minor (*p.* 5) in B b, with its major variation in D b, is conceived with delicate feeling and in the best taste; and, in the conclusion (*p.* 6), the protracted suspension of the cadence through a series of chords, has a peculiar, but by no means an unpleasing effect; only the chord of $\frac{5}{4}$ (bar 19) we would wish to be considered the inalienable property of the church, not to be profaned in the "gallant" style of composition, where it is by far too cutting.

Portuguese March, arranged for the Piano-Forte, composed and dedicated to the Portuguese Army, by their Countryman, J. D. Bomtempo. Pr. 1s. 6d.

When, as in this instance, patriotic enthusiasm goes hand in hand with great talent, the result cannot but be successful. The march before us is any thing but a common-place conception. Its structure is not regularly symmetrical, but its style is lofty and grand, and its harmony, in more than one part, of the higher order, so as to impart to the whole an air of imposing originality. Among its excellencies we reckon, the clever contrapuntal motion of the bass (*l.* 4), and the fine part in E b minor; although in the last line of the 1st and the beginning of the 2d pages, it merges into a train of abstract modulation, which we should almost think too learned to guide the step of the Caçadores, unless they were as thorough-bred musicians as they have proved themselves to be brave soldiers. The return, too, from G minor to the original key E b (*p.* 3, *l.* 2), is not a little bold.

Walz for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Mademoiselle Dillon, by J. D. Bomtempo. Pr. 1s.

For the closet, not for the ball-room. Even in this trifle, the author's skill has known how to introduce parts of superior interest. Of that description are, the melodious three bars in line 5, and the next succeeding diverging chords of solution into C; also the opportune employment of the extreme sixth (*l.* 10), &c. In some instances the rhythm has been neglected; this is particularly felt in the 4th line, where the excision of a supernumerary 9th bar would be highly desirable. In a walz (and the part we are speaking of appertains to the dance itself, before there is yet a question of bye-road excursions), we look for symmetrical squareness of periods.

The Nine Muses, or nine fashionable Waltzes for the Harp or Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Charlotte Allen, by Aug. Voigt. Pr. 2s.

Of the nine walzes before us, each bears the name of one of the Pierian sisters. Whether by so doing the author intended to render his labour more agreeable to the votaries of the Muses; or whether, feeling, as we do, disgusted by the vulgar appellations which are so frequently given to English dances, he wished to make a beginning of a more decorous nomenclature, we cannot say; but

thus much we will aver, that his walzes have given us entertainment. They have one decided merit; they run in the true spirit of the German dance; although a greater variety of character, and indeed of originality, would have been desirable. Miss *Erato*'s walz is by far the best, and would do the author infinite honour, if it were not a *very* close imitation of one of Mozart's walzes. *Thalia* and *Melpomene* are also pleasing, but in the latter the 6th bars of the 2d part and trio are faulty in harmony. We are well satisfied with *Polyhymnia;* and with the neat trio of *Terpsichore.* The last, *Urania,* is particularly deserving of notice and commendation, and the coda which is appended to that Muse gives the publication a dashing finish.

Three easy Divertimentos for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment for a Flute or Violin, composed by J. Gildon. Op. 38. Pr. 3s. 6d.

This is a posthumous work of an author, whose premature death is regretted by a numerous class of musical amateurs. What Mr. Gildon's compositions wanted in originality, was compensated by their correctness, their agreeable simplicity, and their facility of execution. All these merits are discernible in the three divertimentos before us. They are evidently intended, and certainly very proper, for pupils of moderate proficiency. The several short movements possess the ease and melodious expression which reaches the intellect of that class of performers, and affords them entertainment along with the instruction. The former object is moreover furthered by the addition of a part for the flute, or rather for two flutes in most instances. Of the three divertimento's, the last, and of that the last movement, a polacca, appear to us to claim a decided preference.

Psalm Tunes, Chants, &c. adapted for the Organ or Piano-Forte, by Thomas Tomlins. Vol. I. Pr. 5s.

Only a few lines appended to the end of this book bear Mr. Tomlin's own name as author, the rest is a collection of psalm-melodies from different churches, in England chiefly. Among those we meet with some of decided merit, such as the hymn *p.* 12, the 125th psalm (York,) the evening hymn, and a few others; but there is not an inconsiderable number which rank with mediocrity. As Mr. T. seems inclined to continue this collection, we must beg a greater attention to correctness of harmony for the future. Consecutive octaves and fifths, as well as other grammatical errors, are by no means rare in this volume. In profane compositions these might more readily be overlooked, but the harmony of the church ought to be as strictly pure as its doctrines.

On the Eolian Harp, a Glee for three Voices, composed, and inscribed to his Friend, Charles Dignum, by Joseph William Holder, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Pr. 2s. 6d.

Mr. H. has infused into this glee a considerable degree of pathetic expression and a respectable share of science. The different sections into which it is divided coincide well with the varied import of the text: the bass is in several instances managed with peculiar

skill, and the other parts are equally indicative of judicious contrivance. Of the several movements, the lento (*p.* 6) is particularly conspicuous by its expressive solemnity.

The Copenhagen Waltz, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, and Flute Accompaniment, composed by J. Purkis. Pr. 2s.

This really pretty walz has been treated by Mr. Purkis in a manner calculated to give satisfaction. The variations are unaffected, neat, and pleasing. This is particularly the case with var. 3. On looking at the fourth variation one feels surprised, that its nature should not have suggested to the composer the idea of setting flute and piano-forte, bar by bar, in alternate responses. The change of time in var. 4, although commendable in point of skill, detracts much from the character of the theme. The conclusion is almost as shewy as that of a grand overture.

Sonata for the Piano-Forte, in which are introduced the favourite Airs of "Sweet little Barbara and Tweed Side," composed, with Accompaniments for the Flute or Violin and Violoncello, and respectfully dedicated to Mrs. Blackshaw, by F. Klose. Pr. 4s.

Setting out with rather a meagre subject, the allegro of this sonata gains in interest as it proceeds, and again terminates in an unsatisfactory manner with bare common chords, thrown into triplets. The intermediate portions afford more room for commendation: the passages and modulations, although of the usual kind, are conceived and strung together with propriety; this is particularly the case with *p.* 6. The larghetto, "Tweed Side," merits distinctive notice; it is treated and harmonised with much taste, and by no means destitute of scientific touches, particularly in the last line of *p.* 8, and first line of *p.* 9. These do Mr. Klose real and very great credit, especially the enharmonic substitution of G sharp for A b. The conclusion too is good. Of the polacca we are no less bound to speak favourably; the theme and the various features of superstructure thereon, breathe an air of agreeable liveliness and delicate thought: the minor is perfectly appropriate; its C part respectable; in short, all is in good order and style. As this sonata is very easy, we deem it, in all respects, advantageous for the practice of the rising pupil.

The favourite Sicilian Air "Se tu sarai costante," with twelve Variations and an introductory Movement for the Piano-Forte, composed, and most respectfully inscribed to Miss Todd, by Richard Light. Pr. 3s.

This is a pretty simple theme, well chosen for variations. In regard to the harmony of bars 5, 6, 7, and 8 of the second part, the following succession would have been preferable to Mr. L.'s bass: (G major being the key)

$$\overset{3}{C}\ \overset{6}{B},\ \overset{6}{\underset{}{A}}\!\!{}^{\,4}\ \overset{3}{G},\ \overset{6}{C}\ \overset{4}{\underset{}{C}}{}^{2},\ \overset{6}{B},\ \&c.$$

The variations are too numerous to admit of an individual muster; their general feature is that of unostentatious neatness, and they are not destitute of diversity of character. Of those that possess preeminent merit, we have to mention var. 8, where the alternations be-

tween the two staves claim especial favour; also var. 11, which we deem the best of all, on account of its good bass. The march, however, var. 9, contains some objectionable harmonies. After giving the theme once more (*p.* 8) in its simple garb (and very properly, for the number of antecedent variations might obliterate its recollection), var. 12, in quick time, leads to a termination by means of a coda, which not only is perfectly satisfactory and *à propos*, but exhibits one or two fanciful touches, that assist the winding up in an appropriate and effective style.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

THE rapid succession of the almost marvellous events of the day, blunts, in some degree, the sense of their historical magnitude. Yet if we go back to measure them by the almost obliterated scale of our former expectations, however sanguine, we cannot fail to be struck with amazement. What a contrast, to have beheld Napoleon, the terror of nations, leading his irresistibly numerous legions through the heart of Russia up to Moscow; and to find him now, after the destruction of two immense armies in as many campaigns, employed in defending the approaches of Paris, and palisading the suburbs of his good city! Two *successive* winters form the canvas of these companion pictures.

OPERATIONS OF PRINCE SCHWARZENBERG'S AND BLUCHER'S ARMIES.

If there were a proof wanting of the annihilation of the second French army through the recent German campaign, it would be furnished by the rapid and almost unmolested advance of the allies into the heart of France—into regions which for many centuries had remained free from hostile invasion, which opinion had pronounced nearly as inaccessible by force of arms, as the interior of Africa. Thus the narratives of the progress of the grand army under Prince Schwarzenberg, and of the brave Silesian army under Blücher, are mere *marche-routes* as far as the river Marne—that boasted iron frontier of France, a cobweb.

The bulk of Prince Schwarzenberg's army having arrived in Upper Alsatia, that general broke up from Altkirch, where we left his head-quarters on the 3d January, proceeding by Lure upon Vesoul, which was entered on the 14th of the same month. The right wing, under General Wrede, marching into Lorraine by a more northern, but parallel route, met with more opposition; its advanced guard, under Le Roy, was driven out of St. Diez (10th) by General Milhaud; but General Wrede arriving opportunely with reinforcements, retook the town with ease, and made some hundreds of prisoners. An intermediate column, under the Prince Royal of Wirtemberg and the Hetman Platow, had nearly at the same time to cut its way through a French cavalry corps at Epinal.

From Vesoul the main army moved against Marshal Mortier at Langres; but he evacuated the

place, and retired to Chaumont, which was also abandoned, and a position was taken up by him at Fontaine, in order to cover Bar sur Aube. From thence the enemy ventured to attack Prince Schwarzenberg's advance (the 24th Jan.), but was defeated with considerable loss, and pushed on Bar sur Aube. This town too he deemed it prudent to evacuate on the night of the following day.

Here we must leave Prince Schwarzenberg's advance, in order to bring the brave Silesian army, by a still more rapid career, to the same point. We left Blücher's head-quarters on the 4th January [illegible]eutznach, in the Palatinate. Marmont, his opponent, commanded too dispirited and miserable a force to make a stand any where. The celebrated military position at Kayserslautern was given up without a blow; the string of fortresses on the Moselle and Saar were deemed an unsafe shelter: all here was precipitate retreat and confusion. A garrison of 1000 men was abandoned at Trier, to fall prisoners to a detachment under Colonel Henckel (6th Jan.); and Blücher's army having repaired the destroyed bridges over the Saar, crossed on the 10th. Having left two brigades to blockade Saar-Louis, Thionville, and Luxembourg, the veteran Marshal *Forward* directed his course upon the Moselle. Nancy was evacuated, and taken possession of by General Sacken on the 14th, and some hundreds of Spanish prisoners were liberated. On the 15th the Silesian army effected its junction with the grand army, whose extreme right wing under Wrede had then reached Charmes. The garrison of Toul, 400 men, to avoid an assault, surrendered on the 17th, and the Silesian army moved on towards the Meuse. This river was likewise abandoned by Marmont; and, although an interruption in the official accounts creates here a little chasm, we find Blücher on the Marne about the 25th Jan.

On the same day Bonaparte set out from Paris, and arrived at Chalons sur Marne. By great exertions, and by concentrating all his scattered remnants, he had once more contrived to bring together what his present exhausted means justified him in calling a grand army. But his ideas of grandeur have suffered such successive modification, in proportion as his sphere of action became narrowed and brought nearer to the capital of the *grand nation*. On the Niemen, the complement of a grand army was 500,000 men, on the Elbe, 300,000, on the Marne, 70,000. We have also now once more a first French bulletin. If we could trust to this, under allowances, it would appear, that Blücher's army having crossed the Marne, had marched upon Brienne, and was preparing to cross the Aube, when Bonaparte unexpectedly came up from Chalons, attacked Blücher's rear-guard, still at St. Dizier, on the 27th Jan. and drove it upon its main body. Bonaparte actually now marched after the advancing Blücher, found him at Brienne, where a fierce contest ensued, which terminated in the conflagration of part of the town, and the expulsion of the allied troops, according to the French account. Blücher's army, upon this, seems to have concentrated; to have changed front, and to have

received a reinforcement of the two corps of Count Giulay and the Prince of Wirtemberg, from Prince Schwarzenberg's army, in order to be able to give battle to Bonaparte. The plan of attack being adjusted, Prince Schwarzenberg paid to the veteran the compliment, to entrust him with the command for the day of the important contest.

The French army, 70,000 strong, commanded by Bonaparte in person, occupied an excellent position, with its right on the Aube, at Dienville (near Brienne), its centre at La Rothiere, and the left extending to Tremilly, and occupying the village and woods of La Giberie. The action began at noon; after some skirmishing and cannonading in the plain between Dienville and La Rothiere, an obstinate contest began on the left for the position of La Giberie, which the Prince of Wirtemberg at length succeeded in carrying. Bonaparte endeavoured to remedy this disaster by moving a corps to his left; but he was closely watched by Blücher, who drew the whole of Sachen's corps towards the centre, leaving Count Giulay alone to attack Dienville. In consequence, the most desperate conflict took place at La Rothiere, which formed the key of the enemy's position; the combat lasted till 10 at night, when the Russians remained masters of the town. It was not till midnight that Count Giulay expelled his opponents from Dienville; and in the mean time the Prince of Wirtemberg advanced beyond La Giberie, formed his junction with General Wrede at Chaumenil; so that the victory was at length complete on both wings as well as in the centre; and 36 pieces of cannon remained in the hands of the allies, which number, by the morning of the 2d, was increased to 73. The loss of the French in prisoners amounted to 4000. At one o'clock in the morning Bonaparte commenced his retreat across the Aube, pursued and annoyed, as much as the unfavourable weather permitted, by the victorious troops of Blücher. Napoleon withdrew in the first instance to Troyes; but finding this city untenable, he further retrograded on Nogent, where his head-quarters were on the 9th Feb. Two days before, the Prince of Wirtemberg entered Troyes, Schwarzenberg's head-quarters be[illegible] the 6th at Bar sur Seine, and Blücher's at Plancy on the Aube.

In pursuance of Bonaparte's general plan of concentration, the corps of Macdonald having been recalled from the lower Rhine, hastened by forced marches through Liege and Namur into Champagne. Von York's corps, dispatched northward, to oppose Macdonald's junction with Bonaparte, met, and defeated his rear-guard with the loss of three pieces of cannon, at La Chaussée (5th Feb.) pursued him to the gates of Chalons, and bombarded the town; but on the next day, by capitulation, allowed Macdonald with his corps, and those of Sebastiani and Arrighi, to evacuate Chalons, and to retire to the left bank of the Marne.

Later than the 8th of February the official accounts of the allies are not in our possession. French bulletins to the 12th announce some important successes gained by Bonaparte on the Marne during the two preceding days; but as

we do not mean to ground our narrative on such proverbially fraudulent vouchers alone, we prefer closing it with the first mentioned date, as to the main scene of action, and shall now direct our attention to more distant quarters.

The corps of Winzingerode, whose arrival at Dusseldorff on the first day of January we reported in our last, crossed the Rhine there forthwith, and hastened through the Low Countries, nearly in the aforesaid track of Macdonald, to the frontiers of France. Without an opponent, it passed through Namur, and the latest accounts announce its advanced guard at Laon, on the borders of Isle de France. The corps of St. Priest, in the mean time, had taken Bonn, Cologne, Juliers, Aix la Chapelle, &c.

HOLLAND.

The action at Groot Zundert (11th Jan.), fought by General Bulow and the British corps under Sir Thomas Graham, although successful, appears to have been followed by no important result. On the 13th the same chiefs set out upon a general reconnoissance against Antwerp; the village of Merxem was gallantly stormed by the British, and that city so nearly approached, that shells could be thrown into the town; but finding the fortress too strong and too well garrisoned for a *coup de main*, the Anglo-Prussians retreated into their former quarters, and remained inactive during the remainder of the month. In the mean time, part of the French force under General Maison having been recalled to the frontiers of France, the two allied commanders resolved once more upon a serious enterprise against Antwerp, with a view of firing the French fleet. They moved on the 1st February; on the 2d, the village of Braeschat, in front of Antwerp, was carried by assault by the British, and batteries were erected for the bombardment of the city. Defective as the supply of heavy ordnance was, owing to the interrupted communication with the sea, the bombardment was continued during the 3d, 4th, and 5th, but with little effect. Unfortunately, when all the serious obstacles had been surmounted, General Bulow received orders to march into Brabant, and combine his operations with the designs of the grand armies in Champagne. Gen. Graham, therefore, was compelled to abandon his views upon Antwerp, and retire upon Groot Zundert, where his head-quarters remained on the 10th.

General Bulow's advance, under General Borstell, entered Brussels on the 4th, and himself had his head-quarters in that city on the 8th, a division of his force having spread to the right, and entered Ghent, Bruges, and other towns in West Flanders.

On the 26th January, the Prussians marched to the assault of Hertogenbusch, the town whereof they gained without difficulty, by the co-operation of the inhabitants from within; and, on the same day, the French governor, who had retired to the citadel, surrendered, by capitulation, his garrison as prisoners of war.

Gorcum capitulated on the 4th Feb. the garrison to surrender prisoners, unless previously relieved, on the 20th, till which time an armistice exists.

NORTH OF GERMANY.

The armistice entered into between the Crown Prince of Sweden and the Danish government having expired on the 6th Jan. without the latter's acceding to the bases of pacification proposed by the former, hostilities recommenced on that day. But they were soon again suspended, and on the 14th of the same month a treaty of peace between Denmark on the one side, and Great Britain and Sweden on the other, was definitively signed. Its principal conditions are, that Denmark is to have restored to her every conquest except Heligoland; she is to join the allies with 10,000 men, on receiving from England a subsidy of 400,000*l.* in the year 1814; Pomerania to be ceded to her by Sweden, in exchange for Norway; Stralsund to continue a depôt for English merchandize; Denmark to do all in her power to abolish the slave trade; England to mediate between Denmark and the other allies.

Soon after the conclusion of this treaty, the Swedish army and the other corps under the command of the Prince Royal of Sweden, put themselves in motion for the Rhine. Wallmoden and Woronzow's corps crossed, with that view, the Weser on the 20th January; the Prince Royal arrived at Hanover on the 2d Feb. where the Swedish army was forthwith expected.

At Hamburg matters remain as in our last; Davoust within, and the blockading army under General Bennigsen, close before its ramparts.

The fortress of Wittenberg was stormed by the Prussian besieging corps under General Tauenzien, in the night of the 12th-13th Jan. and all that did not surrender, put to the sword. The fruits of this gallant achievement were, 91 pieces of cannon and 2000 prisoners. General Tauenzien has marched against Magdeburg.

Having thus taken a brief survey of military events, it remains for us to add a few observations relating to the state of France itself, and to the views of the allied sovereigns in regard to the fate of that devoted country.

France, no longer supporting the war by the plunder of invaded or conquered countries, feels already, that is, in the first month of hostile invasion, the pressure of want, both public and private. On the 20th of January, the national bank at Paris, in consequence of a great deficit of cash, limited its payments in coin to 500,000 francs per day. As, however, no person can receive any part of this limited sum, without a special ticket from the mayor of his quarter, we are inclined to deem this ostensible limitation a complete stoppage, and to suspect, that the cause lies in Bonaparte's having laid violent hands on the funds of the bank.—Another unpleasant symptom of financial consumption, is, the decree which abolishes the restrictions of legal interest to 5 per cent. and permits loans to be contracted at any price.

The calling out of the levy en masse, a measure which in the patriotic and enthusiastic country of Prussia, produced such great results, has entirely failed: the allies, in their progress through France, have met few, if any, armed

inhabitants. The mass of the people appeared invariably passive and indifferent, manifesting neither attachment to Bonaparte, nor any peculiar wish for the return of the Bourbons. Peace, on any terms, seemed all that this once proud, now worn-out nation sighed for most ardently, whether brought by a Bourbon or procured by Bonaparte. This apathy of depression may likewise be ascribed to the uncertainty which the famous Francfort Declaration of the 1st Dec. last, must have created in the minds of the French people in regard to the real intentions of the coalesced powers; and would probably not have been observed, had that important state paper, instead of acknowledging the imperial diadem of Napoleon, frankly and boldly proclaimed to the nation, that peace depended on the expulsion of the usurper, leaving the question of his successor to their choice.

How far the Princes of the House of Bourbon may have received encouragement from some of the allies to hope for a restoration, remains unknown; but so much is certain, that in the latter days of January the under-mentioned three princes simultaneously left England for the following stations:—Monsieur has set out for the head-quarters of the allies, the Duke d'Angoulême for those of Lord Wellington, and the Duc de Berri for Jersey. At all events, the French people of the east, south, and north will thus, if disposed, have a Bourbon within call.

Lord Castlereagh was at Troyes on the 10th of February. If we are to believe the French accounts, his lordship, together with the ministers of the allies, has had previously some diplomatic conferences at Chatillon with Caulincourt, as Bonaparte's plenipotentiary, and the parties have eaten and drunk together. The arrival of several flags of truce with cabinet messengers, warrants a belief in negociation, and (what may be numbered among the political phenomena of the day), instead of hailing the prospect of a peace, the very idea of negociating with an assassin has spread alarm among the English people. It is asserted, that there exists a difference of opinion on this vital question in the British cabinet, as well as among the allied sovereigns; and it cannot be denied, should the latter insist on their part upon coming to terms with the wretch, an awful alternative of choice will be left to Great Britain. In this respect, as well as with regard to the fortune of the recent and impending military events, the period to our next Retrospect will lead, in all probability, to a decisive disclosure of the mystery.

ITALY.

If recent and circumstantial intelligence from Vienna is to be credited, the idea of treating with Bonaparte will create less surprise. It states, that letters from Vicenza of the 18th January, announce the definitive accession of Murat to the *great* and *good* cause. According to those letters, "Prince Pignatelli, Mr. Graham, Lord Bentinck's secretary, and Mr. Von Mentz, the Austrian chargé d'affaires at Naples, had that day arrived at the head-quarters of Field-Marshal Bellegarde. Mr. Von Mentz immediately set out from

thence to the Emperor of Austria, with the treaty of alliance between Austria and Murat. The English have made the necessary arrangements with regard to Sicily." If this be true, there will be another nebulous spot in the rising sun of European liberties; and well might we exclaim, *Non istis defensoribus eget respublica* (the sacred cause lacks not such aid). To have made terms with Eugene Beauharnois would have been less objectionable; nay, to have severed Murat from Bonaparte three years ago, in the splendour of his power, would have been more excusable; but now, when the trunk of the poison-tree is tottering, yea, in the act of falling, to save one of its rankest branches, and foster it in the luxuriant soil belonging of right to our most faithful ally, is an act which we will not credit till we see the official documents.

With the accession of Murat, it is probable affairs in Italy will assume a more active aspect than hitherto. Up to the latest advices, Eugene has maintained Verona and his position on the Adige; and General Bellegarde his head-quarters at Vicenza. Gen. Nugent, whose head-quarters were at Ravenna on the 20th Dec. appears to have gained some small advantages at Corvia and Forli, on the south of the Po.

The receipt of official dispatches confirms the landing and failure of the small British armament sent against Lucca and Leghorn, noticed in our last.

SPAIN AND LORD WELLINGTON'S ARMY.

The seat of the executive government and of the legislature of Spain, is once more re-established in the capital. On the 5th January the Regency and Cortes made their solemn entry into Madrid; and both immediately found matter of important deliberation prepared for them by the wily machinations of the Corsican monarch. By his permission, or rather by his instigation, the Duke of San Carlos had arrived the day before at Aranjuez, and delivered the regency a letter from the captive king, Ferdinand, and another from Bonaparte himself. In the former Ferdinand expresses his satisfaction at the struggles and sacrifices made by his faithful subjects in his behalf, and praises the valour and perseverance of the English, the admirable conduct of Lord Wellington, and the devotion and bravery of the Spanish generals, in the cause of Spain. He then is made to say, that he has been spontaneously invited by the Emperor Napoleon, through his minister, Count Laforet, to conclude a treaty of peace with France, the basis of which shall be, the liberation of his own person and the integrity of his dominions, without any clause derogatory to the independence, honour, and interests of Spain; and that, in consequence, he had concluded a treaty with Napoleon, which was herewith transmitted to the regency for ratification.

This mock treaty, dated Valence, 11th Dec. 1813, and comprised in fifteen articles, provides for the restoration of Ferdinand to the Spanish throne, and the integrity and independence of the monarchy; to which Ferdinand likewise pledges himself, especially in regard to Ceuta and Port Mahon: a military convention is to be concluded,

whereby the French and English troops are to evacuate the Peninsula at the same time; all the Spaniards that followed Joseph are to be restored to their country and property; and, all French prisoners, in whatsoever hands, are to be liberated. Bonaparte and Ferdinand agree to maintain the maritime rights of Europe as established by the treaty of Utrecht, and acted upon till 1792. Ferdinand to pay his father and mother thirty millions of reals annually, and at the death of the former, two millions of franks to the latter yearly: a treaty of commerce, similar to that which existed before 1792, to be concluded between France and Spain.

The course adopted by the regency upon this extraordinary occasion, was prompt, upright, and magnanimous: they declared, without a moment's hesitation, or any discussion of the treaty itself, that, in conformity with the decree of the Cortes of January 1, 1811, as well as with their existing obligations to Great Britain, they could entertain no proposition to negociate with Bonaparte for the suspension of arms, or for any composition or compromise whatsoever, so long as their king was a prisoner, or except in conjunction with their allies. To this effect the regency returned a letter by the Duke of San Carlos to King Ferdinand, inclosing the above decree, and also explaining to his majesty the impossibility of ratifying such a treaty, which (being the work of Bonaparte singly) was null and void in all its parts. The letter from Bonaparte the regency returned unopened. In all this conduct there is the grandeur and dignity of the Roman senate in the best days of the republic.

Another similar messenger presented himself on the 27th January, in the person of General Palafox, the hero of Saragossa; but the particulars of *his* errand have not yet transpired. It is also stated, that, by the treaty above-mentioned, Bonaparte had provided a consort for Ferdinand in the person of the Austrian Archduchess Beatrice. Nothing is more likely and natural than the wish of Bonaparte to prop his falling fortunes still further by Austrian connection, which alone, if his ruin is not to take place, will have saved him.

From the armies we have nothing of importance to relate. Lord Wellington's head-quarters are still at St. Jean de Luz, and the position of his army remains as in our last; except that, on his right, Harispe succeeded, on the 12th Jan. in occupying Baygorey, previously held by Mina, who retired upon Aldudes; but the former has since been again abandoned by the enemy. Now that considerable drafts have been made from Soult's army, it is probable that his lordship may decide upon a forward movement. In Catolonia, too, every thing has remained quiet, except as to a general reconnoissance on the Llobregat, undertaken by the Spanish troops under General Copons and Sarsfield, and the British force under General Clinton, which produced an affair of no great moment or result on the 16th January.

UNITED STATES.

The last advices from America communicate the pleasing intelligence, not only of the complete recovery of the Niagara frontier of

Canada, but of some considerable successes beyond it. On the 12th Dec. Fort George was taken possession of by part of General Vincent's force, without opposition. On the 19th a British and Indian expedition crossed the river, and completely surprized the American fort Niagara, which they took, and put to the sword or captured the whole garrison. The British force then spread over the country as far as Black Rock, and gained some minor trophies. On the 30th Dec. our troops crossed at Black Rock, and encountered an American army of several thousand men under Major-General Hull, who, according his own account, sustained a complete defeat. His army was dispersed, the flourishing village of Buffalo was laid in ruins, the whole Niagara frontier over-run, and four American schooners taken in Buffalo creek.

Sir George Prevost's general orders of the 12th Dec. induce us to state briefly the origin of a transaction which we left hitherto unnoticed, but which may ultimately produce serious consequences.—Among the prisoners of war taken by the British some time ago, there were found 23 British subjects, who were sent to England to be tried for high treason. The American government, on the plea (unjustifiable by the laws of civilized nations), that these people, through previous naturalization, had ceased to be British subjects, confined 23 British prisoners, to answer for the fate of these traitors. Upon this the British government ordered 46 American prisoners of war to be closely confined, which was answered by the Americans confining 46 British officers; and this act was followed by Sir George's general orders above-mentioned, confining 46 American officers. Thus the matter stands at present; and we shall be curious to see where the progression of retaliatory detainers will end.

On the 20th Dec. the American legislature passed a new act of embargo, to be in force till the 1st of January, 1815; and on the 6th Jan. the President laid before Congress a correspondence between Mr. Monroe and Lord Castlereagh, in which the latter declined treating with America under the mediation of Russia, and proposes to treat with the United States direct, either at Gothenburg or in London. This offer has been accepted by the American government, and two plenipotentiaries have been appointed by it, to repair to Gothenburg for the purpose of entering into pacific negociations.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The frost, which early in January succeeded the remarkable and intense fog of a whole week's duration, continued increasing to such a degree, that, in the beginning of the present month (February) the Thames between Blackfriars and London bridges was completely frozen over, and rendered safely traversable to foot-passengers. On the 2d, 3d, and 4th February, booths of various kinds for roasting and boiling, for the sale of refreshments, games at skittles, printing-presses at work, &c. were beheld in the midst of the congealed waters of our majestic river.

Early in the morning of the 12th Feb. the Custom-House of London was discovered to be on fire. The

assistance was immediate; but owing to the knowledge, rapidly circulated, of a considerable quantity of gunpowder being deposited in the building, the firemen soon left the fire to its fate. The expected explosion actually took place about nine o'clock A. M. shattered all the windows in the neighbouring streets, carried documents through the air to more than a mile's distance, and was heard much farther off. Nothing remains of the building, and many adjacent houses fell a prey to the flames. The loss, in consequence, to the public and to individuals, and the inconvenience to the mercantile world, may naturally be conceived to be very great. As the erection of the new Custom-House near it, has as yet proceeded but slowly, immediate arrangements were made for carrying on the public business elsewhere; and the Commercial Sale-Rooms in Mincing-lane have been contracted for, and appropriated to that effect. Two or three lives were lost on the occasion.

The British court is in mourning for the Queen's brother, the Duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz, for whose arrival in England, on a visit, every necessary preparation had been made. His serene highness is stated to have died on the 2d of February.

MEDICAL REPORT.

Report of diseases in the practice of a physician, from the 15th of November, 1813, to the 15th of February, 1814.

Acute diseases.—Catarrh, 51...Peripneumony, 8....Hœmoptoe, 6....Inflammatory sore-throat, 5..Acute rheumatism, 18.....Measles, 6......Hooping-cough, 8.....Fever, 7......Acute diseases of infants, 12.

Chronic diseases.—Cough and dyspnœa, 36....Consumption, 4....Scrofula, 3....Asthma, 6....Chronic rheumatism, 15...Rheumatic gout, 3....Lumbago, 4....Nephralgia, 1....Ischuria, 2..Colic, 2..Enterodynia, 3...Gastrodynia, 4....Head-ach, 6...Vertigo, 4....Marasmus, 2....Asthenia, 8....Palsy, 4....Apoplexy, 1....Dropsy, 4...Syncope, 1...Hysteria, 2...Hypochondriasis, 3..Dyspepsia, 6....Diarrhœa, 5....Dysenterea, 2....Cutaneous eruptions, 8.....Female complaints, 7.

During great part of the interval in which these reports have been suspended, the weather has been uncommonly severe. The latter end of December and the beginning of January will ever be memorable in the annals of meteorology, for a dense fog, which completely enveloped and overshadowed the whole metropolis, and extended many miles round, rendering "darkness visible," and, indeed, almost tangible, so dense and impenetrable was this extraordinary vapour. At the same time, we experienced a great degree of cold. These united causes occasioned in many individuals a painful depression of spirits, and thus facilitated the accession of disease; for, in civilized life, health and disease are so nicely balanced, that the scale is easily turned. It is natural for all living beings, to dread certain atmospheric changes: we observe birds fly from a storm, and a severe winter is often with certainty prognosticated by the

unusual visit of this pleasing tribe; animals cannot take such distant journies, but we see them retreat into covers and secure shelter; the very fish in the streams are susceptible of the coming evil. Man alone meets the shock of contending elements without apprehension: nevertheless, he is subject to their influence, and every change of temperature and season brings with it peculiar blessings or intense sufferings, according to the degree of its mildness or severity.

It has long been admitted by the most intelligent physicians, that severe winters are unfavourable to health, and the present season is not an exception to the general principle. Numbers, who in milder weather might have again felt the invigorating influence of spring, have sunk under complaints which on former occasions had yielded to medicine. Pulmonary affections, of course, have been the most prominent disease of the period under consideration. They have appeared in every possible form, and, notwithstanding the best care, have proved unusually fatal. Several cases of paralysis have occurred, some of them at an early period of life, in the form of hemiplegia. Electricity, in addition to the usual medical treatment, will often assist in restoring muscular action where the power of motion seems quite lost.

PLATE 15.—FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

LADY'S BOOK-CASE.

THIS elegant and novel piece of furniture is calculated for a lady's *boudoir*, being extremely light, and occupying but a very small space. It is contrived to serve as an escrutoire and repository for various articles, which may be inclosed within the folding doors beneath the drawers. The gilt ornaments upon each door, relieved upon the silk curtains, produce a pleasing and tasteful effect; and when the whole is closed, it has the appearance of an elegant cabinet.

The book-case from which this design was made, is manufactured by Messrs. Morgan and Sanders, Catherine-street, Strand.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE severe weather in the early part of last month, succeeded by frosty nights and clear days, has considerably impeded the early sowing and other necessary operations in agriculture.

The young wheats have not suffered by the severity of the winter. The early sown have thrown out a strong and luxuriant flag, a sure indication of a full crop. The latter sown, upon tenacious soils, have been checked, but the plants, although backward, look healthful.

The spring preparations of the land to receive the Lent corn, must be thrown backward in consequence of the frosty weather. Considerable breadths of peas and beans have been put in principally in th

EVENING DRESS.

WALKING DRESS.

after part of the day, when the sun had thawed the soil.

The earth is much ameliorated and fertilized by the large covering of snow, and works kindly under the plough both on tilth and lay.

The young clovers, tares, rye, winter barley, and all the soiling species, are in the most promising state.

Turnips and the brassica tribe have not suffered so much as might have been expected from the severity of the winter; and from the same cause there is more of this species of spring food than can be recollected, and will consequently keep back the feeding cattle from market, and throw the barley sowing very late on those soils.

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

PLATE 16.—EVENING DRESS.

A WHITE crape, or fine muslin petticoat, worn over white satin, embroidered in silver lama round the bottom. A bodice of olive, or spring-green satin, ornamented with a silver stomacher. Short, full sleeve, and rounded bosom, trimmed with a full silver border to correspond. A fan frill of fluted lace, continued round the back, and terminating in front at the corner of the bosom. A silver fringe round the bottom of the waist. The hair in irregular curls in front, falling low on each side, drawn smoothly on the crown of the head, and brought in a small bunch of curls at the back. A bandeau of pearl, twisted round the curls behind. Necklace and cross of pearl ear-drops, and bracelets to correspond. Occasional scarf of white silk, richly embroidered in silver and coloured silks. Gloves of white kid. Slippers of green satin, with silver rosettes.

PLATE 17.—PROMENADE OR CARRIAGE COSTUME.

A white cambric robe, with full long sleeves, unornamented at the feet. Deep double Vandyke frill of lace, tied with a white cord and tassel at the throat; a deep Vandyke cuff of the same. The Austrian shawl cloak, composed of pale dove-coloured cloth, lined throughout with rose-coloured satin or sarsnet, trimmed entirely round with a broad sable fur; a fancy cape or hood terminating in front of the bosom, and tied with a rose-coloured ribbon. A Circassian turban cap, composed of crimson velvet, ornamented with tufts of rose-coloured satin; a rich silk cord round the edge, terminated on one side with correspondent tassels. Hair in full curls on each side, much divided in front of the forehead. Half-boots of crimson velvet. Gloves of lemon-coloured kid, or pale tan colour.

Poetry.

FAMILIAR EPISTLE

To my Friend, Lieutenant BLYTHE, at Catterwick Signal Station, near Colchester.

DEAR BLY,

IN time's perpetual range,
How oddly occupations change.
Of late 'twas thine o'er seas to roam,
Far from your country and your home,
Encountering battles—fearful storms,
In all their worst and wildest forms;
And as some farmers shoot their crows,
'Twas thine to shoot Old England's foes.

Behold! how chang'd the scene is now!
No longer doom'd the seas to plough,
But ploughing 'stead thy land so marley,
And contemplating crops of barley;
While with your gun, to keep your
hand in,
If e'er our foes should dream of landing,
We find thee—and pray where's the
blame,
Since of the French you can't *make
game?*
Till there shall come a gen'ral peace,
Instead of Frenchmen, shooting geese;
And, 'mid thy rivulets and lakes,
Destroying curlews, ducks, and drakes.
There's one great bird, before the
spring,
I think will be upon the wing;
Where he must fly, Heav'n only knows,
He'll scarcely make good meat for crows:
Should he approach Old England's coast,
And come, my friend, athwart thy post,
Take your best aim, Bly, bring him down,
And send him, live or dead, to town.
Ere this you guess what bird I mean;
One that has fed, in war's wild scene,
On human gore, and plung'd his beak
Deep in the bosoms of the weak:
I mean, that foe to milk and honey—
That vulture of all vultures, Boney!
Yet will he be, where'er he wanders,
Fit but to head a troop of ganders!
The goose you shot, and sent to Redit,
Did you, the donor, much good credit;
For be it known, our mutual friend
Did unto me a message send,
Inviting me to take a slice;
In truth, the Solan bird was nice.
For things of this sort I've a taste;
And, no more pen and ink to waste,
Just let me hint, if geese should fly
Quite thick, and darken all your sky,
And you should murder many more
Than you may want for friends or store,
I've this request, and 'tis a free one,
I should be very glad to see one.
Just tie a ticket to his wing,
My old friend Hedge's coach will bring
The bird to town; and 'tis no sin,
To say I live in Clement's Inn;—
But this you know. Now let me say,
I wish your life a summer's day;
As long, as light, as happy too,
Old griefs destroy'd by pleasures new;
Health to your friends while life shall last,
And peace eternal when 'tis past.
Thus, having run my rhyming race, I
May say I'm your's,

JAMES MURRAY LACEY.

THE TEAR.

How dear is the sigh when the bosom is
feeling,
For sins that are past, and for pleasures
that fade!
How precious the tear that is hastily
stealing
Adown the fair cheek of the penitent
maid!

Ah! Julia, said I, when she seemed so
blooming,
'Twas a seraph, methought, from the
smile on her face;
Tho' fate that sweet form may be cruel-
ly dooming,
Sure heaven reserves for such beauty a
place.

My Julia sigh'd at the tender upbraiding,
For Memory came, like a warning
sublime,
With an eye dimm'd with tears, and a
look ever fading,
And accused her heart of an envious
crime.

Ah! soon in her eye love and sorrow
were blending,
For it gazed so kindly, yet sparkled so
meek,
I perceived that an heavenly tear was
descending,
And kiss'd it in haste from her softened
cheek.

But some guardian angel had watch'd it
while flowing,
For the gem that so lately to me had
been given,
He snatched from my lip, that with rap-
ture was glowing,
In his bosom convey'd it to pitying
heaven:

NEEDLEWORK PATTERNS.

Where soon at the throne the fair angel
appearing,
He pray'd that she never might perish,
ah! never,
And purposely dropping the tear so en-
dearing,
It fell on the crime, and defaced it for
ever. FLORIO.

ON A FAVOURITE CHELTENHAM BEAUTY.

On seeing Miss B. in a Cottage Dress.

As Nature once, with lovely smile,
Was gazing on Britannia's isle,
And all her works survey'd,
Observ'd, that tho' the British fair
Had always been her nicest care,
Yet few were perfect made.

She, therefore, thought, for Beauty's sake,
A form of softer clay she'd make,
With health divinely warm;
And to this form of mind and face,
She'd add each fascinating grace,
Each heart-inspiring charm.

From roses breathing with perfume,
The cheeks she made of softest bloom,
Such as to angels given;
The lips, where nectar'd blisses meet,
A smile, than cherubim's more sweet,
The eyes were lights from heaven.

She form'd the nymph to be caress'd,
Bade Pity dwell within her breast,
And Love to share a part;
The while upon her syren tongue
Soft and endearing accents hung,
To melodize each heart.

A lovely dress round her she laid
A dress Simplicity had made,
Ere Art so proud was grown);
She bade the Graces with her go,
And tell us mortals here below,
To call her Barbara B——n.

FLORIO.

THE BATTLE OF VITTORIA.

(Extracted from Gwilliam's Poems.)

Quick, quick as was the summons heard,
The manly charge was given,
Havoc his foaming war-horse spurr'd,
And thunder shook the heaven:
But what can move the stubborn rock
Which centuries have bound,
What, but an earthquake's sudden shock,
Can root it from the ground?
So France, secur'd by various skill,
Maintain'd awhile each dark'ning hill,
Raking the line from left to right,
That peopled half the plain,—
Where Havoc saw, with high delight,
The swift, but temporary flight
Of Portugal and Spain:
So Britain, finding France prevail,
Drove forward from the dusty vale,
With all her prowess to assail
The rash, presuming foe:
For since nor Portugal nor Spain,
Thus handled, could their posts maintain,
Britain must strive, perhaps in vain,
To lay the rebels low:—
A mightier conflict must be fought,
A more gigantic power be brought
To fix their overthrow.
At such a crisis, Britain knew
What scheme her sons must then pursue;
Her footmen firm the mountain crest
Now gain'd, in hurrying legions press'd,
And Gallia's swarms defied,
And link'd with Spain's and Lusia's might,
Turn'd the disasters of the fight
On proud Zadora's tide.
Oh! 'twas a most stupendous scene,
When tearing from the mountains green,
Stern Scotia's veteran bands were seen
The daring foe to meet;
When, as the flying thunders peal'd,
They sought the foe the clouds conceal'd,
And forc'd him to retreat!
But while on every side they swarm,
With Hope's sublimer pictures warm,
France, in a dark and iron storm,
Laid hundreds at her feet;
And Britain paus'd--the pause was dread--
France, from another mountain's head,
Had strewn the battle field with dead,
And thought her scheme complete;
While Spain beheld her dauntless bands
Scatter'd as are the drifted sands
Before the tempest's heat.
But vigorous still, and undismayed,
The doubtful chances all are weigh'd
By Erin's darling son;

And though the fight were long delay'd,
And France full many an effort made,
The field was yet unwon.
Then onward, in a firm phalanx,
Spain led again her swarthy ranks,
And down upon Zadora's banks
The Lusian heroes tread;
While Britain, still intent to wrest
The eagle from the mountain's crest,
Her charging squadrons quickly press'd,
And there such ruin spread,
As fill'd the most determined breast
With pity and with dread.
Thus Britain still her aim pursu'd,
And in her dark and angry mood
Ascended every height,
Turning, as all her foes she view'd,
The long precarious fight;
Still hoping on the distant coast,
Where Gaul display'd her varied host,
And on Vittoria's heights, to raise
The standard of her earlier days,
And thence with spreading ruin sweep
The rebels from the plain;
Where now their secret furies sleep,
And Death and Pain their vigil keep,
Revolving o'er the slain—
Scatter'd in many a smoky heap,
For whom the kindred heart shall weep,
But weep, alas! in vain.

THE MISER AND WOODMAN.

By Miss Campbell.

"Oh! cold and sullen blows the wind,
And fast descends the rain;
Oh! ope thy door, for once be kind,
Relieve an aged swain.

"Hark to the thunder's dreadful roar,
The vivid lightning's glare;—
For pity's sake, oh! ope thy door,
And hearken to my prayer."

Thus at the miser's fast-locked door
An aged stranger stands,
And for admittance doth implore,
And wring his feeble hands.

In vain,—for on a stony heart
The piteous accents fell:
He bade the aged man depart,
Whose anguish none can tell.

Far o'er the lone and storm-beat heath
The wanderer held his way;
So keen his woes, he prayed for death
To snatch him hence away.

Now near a clump of aged trees
The weary wanderer drew,
When from a cot some feeble rays
Struck sudden on his view.

His bosom glowed with new-sprung hope,
He reach'd its lowly door,
Soon to his plaint the door did ope,
And half his cares were o'er.

Before a cheerful blazing fire,
Its humble master stood;
Its mistress, robed in plain attire,
Produced their frugal food.

A smiling boy, with looks of love
And cheek of rosy hue,
With many a childish trick, now strove
To attract the stranger's view.

The hearty welcome they bestow,
Their sweet and wholesome fare,
Bade his cold heart with pleasure glow
And banish'd all his care.

And now their frugal supper made,
The night with prayer they close,
And 'neath the woodman's lowly shed
He sunk in sweet repose.

The storm with wild, resistless sway,
Roar'd round the miser's dome,
And soon the tott'ring building lay,
Its niggard master's tomb.

Mould'ring amid its dreary gloom,
With his lov'd wealth he lay;
The humble woodman cheer'd his home
For many a happy day.

LONDON MARKETS.

Return of Wheat from Jan. 31 to Feb. 5.

TOTAL, 3,031 quarters.—Average, 77s. 1¼d per quarter, or 1s 8¾d. per quarter lower than last return.

Return of Flour from Feb. 5 to 11.

TOTAL, 11,582 sacks.—Average, 74s. 4d per sack, or 0s. 2¾d. per sack lower than last return.

Average of England and Wales, Feb. 12.

	s	d		s	d		s	d
Wheat	78	5	Barley	40	3	Beans	51	5
Rye -	47	6	Oats -	26	9	Pease	54	7

CORN, SEEDS, &c.

	s.	s.	s.		s.	s.	s.
Wheat white, per quarter	46	76	—	Tares, per bushel -	11	13	—
——red - -	45	72	—	Turnip - -	15	19	—
——foreign	40	70	—	Mustard, brown -	18	20	—
Rye - - -	36	40	—	——— white	13	20	—
Barley, English	30	42	—	Canary, per qr.	120	135	—
Malt - - -	50	75	—	Hempseed -	64	70	—
Oats Feed -	14	24	—	Linseed - -	80	120	—
——Friezland	—	—	—	Clover, red, per cwt	63	92	—
——Poland	16	32	—	——— white	75	110	—
——Potatoe	25	34	—	——— foreign, red	68	94	—
Beans, Pigeon	44	50	—	——— white	90	145	—
——Horse -	—	—	—	Trefoil - -	12	33	—
Pease, Boiling	50	68	—	Carraway -	84	94	—
——Grey -	40	48	—	Coriander -	20	32	—
Flour per sack	70	—	—				
——Seconds	55	60	—				
——Scotch	50	60	—				

American Flour — s a — s per barrel of 196lbs.
Rapeseed, per last - - - £.42 a £48 a £50.
Oil Cakes, per thousand, £17. 0s to £0 0s.

SUGAR, &c. per Cwt.

	s		s
Muscovade, fine	131	a	138
——— good	127	a	13[illegible]
——— ordinary	120	a	126
East India, white	135	a	145
——— yellow	130	a	134
——— brown	124	a	129

MOLASSES 68s. 0d. a —s. —d.

REFINED SUGAR.

Double Loaves	201	a	231
Hambro' ditto	183	a	192
Powder ditto	181	a	190
Single ditto	176	a	185
Canary Lumps	173	a	180
Large ditto	169	a	172
Bastards, whole	115	a	121
——— faces	120	a	125
——— middles	114	a	122
——— tips -	112	a	117

GINGER.

Jamaica, white	82	a	200
Barbadoes, ditto	75	a	80
——— black	70	a	75

RICE, *Bonded.*

Carolina -	24	a	26
Brazil - -	26	a	28

COFFEE, *Bonded.*

	s	d		s	d
Dominica, Surinam, &c.					
Fine -	75	0	a	85	0
Good	70	0	a	74	0
Ordinary	67	0	a	69	0
Triage	30	0	a	50	0
Jamaica.					
Fine -	75	0	a	85	0
Good	60	0	a	74	0
Ordinary	40	0	a	59	0
Triage	20	0	a	39	0
Mocha	300	0	a	600	0
Bourbon	90	0	a	120	0
St. Domingo	60	0	a	70	0
Java -	90	0	a	100	0

COCOA, *Bonded.*

Trinidad and Carraccas	90	0	a	100	0
Plantation	65	0	a	80	0

SPICES and PEPPER, per lb.

Nutmegs	18	0	a	24	0
Cloves	10	0	a	10	0
Cinnamon	10	6	a	11	6
Mace	36	0	a	42	0
Pepp. white	5	3	a	—	6
——— black	2	5	a	2	0
Pimento	2	0	a	—	6

Average price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of duty, 94s. 9d.

Sugars have been very dull this month, raw sugars support their prices tolerably well; refined have declined 2s. to 3s. per cwt

HOPS in the Borough.

BAGS	£	s		£	s	POCKETS	£	s		£	s
Kent - -	5	10	a	9	9	Kent - -	6	10	a	12	0
Sussex - -	5	5	a	8	10	Sussex - -	6	0	a	10	10
Esssex - -	0	0	a	0	0	Farnham -	12	0	a	16	0

CORN, &c. per Quarter.

	Feb.	Wheat. s		s	Barley. s		s	Oats. s		s	Beans. s		s	Pea[se] s	
Newcastle	12	60	a	74	40	a	42	22	a	30	—	a	—	—	a
Northampton	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a
Canterbury	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a
Lewes	19	68	a	72	34	a	36	25	a	26	40	a	40	46	a
Chesterfield	12	64	a	84	34	a	42	25	a	32	—	a	—	50	a
Ashborne	12	84	a	92	40	a	46	28	a	34	64	a	72	—	a
Guildford	19	—	a	—	34	a	38	24	a	34	46	a	56	49	a
Gainsboro'	15	70	a	74	37	a	40	20	a	24	70	a	—	—	a
Louth	16	65	a	72	33	a	30	18	a	21	—	a	—	—	a
Huntingdon	12	62	a	72	38	a	42	20	a	24	30	a	38	—	a
Newark	16	68	a	74	36	a	42	23	a	36	50	a	60	—	a
Spilsby	14	60	a	70	34	a	40	18	a	24	—	a	—	—	a
Ryegate	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a
Devizes	17	66	a	80	31	a	39	24	a	30	44	a	64	—	a
Reading	19	55	a	80	30	a	37	15	a	24	39	a	50	49	a
Swansea	16	78	a	—	37	a	—	23	a	—	—	a	—	—	a
Henley	17	52	a	74	30	a	37	20	a	30	38	a	44	46	a
Maidenhead	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a
Salisbury	15	66	a	72	28	a	33	20	a	26	40	a	56	—	a
Penrith	15	73	a	—	42	a	—	24	a	—	—	a	—	—	a
Hull	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a
Basingstoke	16		a	72	27	a	35	22	a	27	41	a	50	—	a
Wakefield	18	48	a	78	40	a	43	24	a	32	54	a	58	—	a
Andover	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a
Warminster	19	70	a	79	35	a	39	25	a	28	48	a	54	—	a

SPIRITS, per Gallon (exclusive of duty).

	s	d		s	d		s	d		s
Brandy, Cog.	8	9	a	9	6	Mol. Spirits, British	13	10	a	14
—— Spanish	5	0	a	5	2	—— Irish -	0	0	a	0
Hollands Gin	8	0	a	8	6	—— Scotch	0	0	a	0
Rum, Jamaica	4	6	a	6	9	Spirits of Wine	24	0	a	0
—— Lew. Isl.	3	8	a	4	6					

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR JANUARY, 1814.

Conducted, at Manchester, by THOMAS HANSON, *Esq.*

1814. JAN.	Wind	Pressure. Max.	Min.	Mean.	Temperature. Max.	Min.	Mean.	Weather.	Evap	Rain.
1	N 1	30,50	30,20	30,350	36,0°	26,0°	31,00°	cloudy	—	
2	Var. 1	30,20	29,90	30,050	34,0	22,0	23,00	cloudy	—	
3	N E 1	29,90	29,58	29,740	37,0	30,0	33,50	clear	—	
4	N 1	29,58	29,25	29,415	30,0	18,0	25,00	fine	—	
5	N E 3	29,25	29,18	29,215	34,0	20,0	27,00	snowy	—	—
○ 6	N E 2	29,60	29,18	29,390	33,0	20,0	26,50	cloudy	—	
7	N E 1	29,75	29,58	29,665	24,0	13,0	18,50	cloudy	—	
8	Var. 1	29,75	29,75	29,750	34,0	26,0	30,00	gloomy	—	
9	S 1	29,75	29,75	29,750	34,0	17,0	25,50	variable	—	
10	S E 3	29,90	29,75	29,825	28,0	16,0	22,00	gloomy	—	
11	S E 3	29,90	29,84	29,870	27,0	23,0	25,00	gloomy	—	
12	S E 2	29,84	29,68	29,760	31,0	21,0	26,00	gloomy	—	
☽ 13	Calm	29,67	29,32	29,495	31,0	18,0	24,50	foggy	—	
14	N E 1	30,32	29,88	29,100	32,0	16,0	24,00	foggy	—	
15	S E 1	29,88	29,38	29,630	32,0	20,0	26,00	foggy	—	
16	E 2	29,38	29,18	29,280	30,0	22,0	26,00	snowy	—	
17	E 1	29,54	29,38	29,460	20,0	10,0	15,00	foggy	—	
18	E 1	29,01	28,98	28,995	32,0	16,0	24,00	foggy	—	
19	E 3	29,28	28,98	29,130	35,0	29,0	32,00	cloudy	—	
20	N 1	29,80	29,30	29,580	34,0	20,0	27,00	cloudy	—	
● 21	Var. 1	29,90	29,86	29,880	27,0	17,0	22,00	foggy	—	
22	E 1	30,13	29,86	29,995	31,0	27,0	29,00	snowy	—	
23	E 1	30,13	29,97	30,050	32,0	20,0	26,00	clear	—	
24	N 1	30,12	29,90	30,010	35,0	20,0	27,50	fine	—	
25	Var.	29,99	29,65	29,820	35,0	26,0	30,50	gloomy	—	
26	S W 1	29,65	28,13	29,380	38,0	32,0	35,00	variable	.160	—
27	S 1	29,13	28,83	28,965	41,0	30,0	35,50	gloomy	—	—
28	S W 1	29,00	28,83	28,915	41,0	35,0	38,00	cloudy	—	
☾ 29	N E 3	28,83	28,00	28,815	35,0	30,0	32,50	cloudy	—	.660
30	N W 2	29,00	28,78	28,865	35,0	29,0	32,00	cloudy	—	
31	N W 2	29,55	29,00	29,275	38,0	29,0	33,50	cloudy	.124	
			Mean	29,516		Mean	27,70		.284	.660

RESULTS.

Mean barometrical pressure, 29.516—maximum, 30.50, wind N. 1.—Minimum, 28,00, wind N. E 3.—Range, 2,50 inches.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is .83 inch, which was on the 29th.

Mean temperature, 27°.70.--Maximum, 41°, wind S. 1.--Min. 10°, wind E 1. Range 31.

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 17°, which was on the 9th.

Spaces described by the barometer, 7,40 inches.—Number of changes, 11.

Total quantity of water evaporated, .284 of an inch.

Rain, &c this month, .660 inch.

WIND.

N	N E	E	S E	S	S W	W	N W	Variable.	Calm.
4	6	6	4	2	2	0	2	4	1

Brisk winds 5—Boisterous ones 0.

Notes —9th. Very dense fog A.M. trees, &c. beautifully covered with rime; river Irwell frozen over.—17th. Much snow during last night; remarkable low state of temperature; this day's mean 17° below freezing.—18th. Sudden rise in temperature, which caused a slight indication of thaw.—21st. Copious fall of snow early this morning—much rime on the trees.—23d. Wind for several nights past changed from N. E. to W. but during the days returned to E.—26th. Thaw commenced to-day, with gentle rain and falling barometer.—28th. Very great depression of pressure, with a strong N. E. wind, attended with snow and sleet.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR JANUARY, 1814.

Conducted by Mr. J. Gibson, Laboratory, Stratford, Essex.

1814 JAN.	Wind.	Pressure. Max.	Min.	Mean.	Temperature. Max.	Min.	Mean.	Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
1	Calm.	30,20	29,96	30,080	31°	20°	25,5°	foggy	—	
2	Calm.	29,95	29,83	29,895	32	28	30,0	foggy	—	
3	Calm.	29,83	29,55	29,690	33	29	31,0	foggy	—	
4	N E	29,55	29,37	29,400	33	25	29,0	snowy	—	—
5	N E	29,37	29,27	29,320	34	32	33,0	snowy	—	—
○ 6	N	29,68	29,27	29,475	34	19	26,5	snowy	—	—
7	N W	29,70	29,68	29,690	28	11	19,5	fine	—	
8	N W	29,70	29 70	29,700	31	12	21,5	fine	—	
9	N W	29,80	29,70	29,750	28	8	18,0	fine	—	
10	N W	29,95	29,80	29,875	27	17	22,0	snow	—	—
11	S E	29,80	29,65	29,730	25	15	20,0	cloudy	—	
12	N W	29,95	29 65	29,800	28	19	23,5	fine	—	
☽ 13	N W	30,13	30,06	30,095	30	15	22,5	fine	—	
14	E	30,06	29,70	29,880	27	22	24,5	fine	—	
15	E	29,70	29,46	29,580	31	23	27,0	cloudy	—	
16	E	29,75	29,46	29,605	33	18	25,5	cloudy	—	—
17	N W	29,77	29,30	29,535	32	14	23,0	cloudy	—	—
18	N E	29,30	29,26	29,280	34	32	33,0	snowy	—	—
19	N E	29,54	29,26	29,400	35	29	32,0	snowy	—	—
20	N E	29,80	29,54	29,670	33	16	24,5	snow	—	—
✺ 21	Var.	29,80	29,79	29,795	26	20	23,0	fine	—	—
22	N W	29,94	29,87	29 905	30	11	20,5	cloudy	—	—
23	N W	29,87	29,86	29,865	32	11	21,5	fine	—	—
24	N W	29,95	29,87	29,910	29	24	26,5	fine	—	—
25	N W	29,95	29,75	29,850	35	26	30,5	fine	—	—
26	Var.	29 75	29,40	29,575	39	33	36,0	cloudy	—	—
27	S W	29,40	29,34	29,370	39	34	36,5	cloudy	—	—
28	S W	29,37	28,80	29,085	38	31	34,5	cloudy	—	—
☾ 29	Var.	29,10	28,48	28,790	45	32	38,5	rainy	—	—
30	W	29,44	29,10	29,270	38	28	33,0	cloudy	—	
31	N W	29,88	29,44	29,660	36	30	33,0	fine	,41	1,92
			Mean	29,631		Mean	27,2	Total	,41in.	1,92in.

RESULTS.—Prevailing winds, northerly.—Mean height of barometer, 29,631 inches; highest observation, 30,20 inches; lowest, 28,48 inches.—Mean height of thermometer, 27,2°.—highest observation, 45°—lowest, 8°—Total of evaporation, .41 inch.—Rain, 1,92 inch.

Notes.—1st, 2nd, and 3d. A dense fog the whole of this time—the trees covered with rime.—4th. About five inches of snow fell gradually in the course of the day: the rime, which had covered every tree and every blade of grass in the most beautiful manner for the last seven days, fell off this morning.—5th. A gradual thaw in the evening.—6th. Thaw continued till about four o'clock P. M. it then began to freeze again—thermometer 25° at eight o'clock P. M.—snow at intervals during the day—bright moonlight night.—7th. Clear, frosty morning.—8th Clear, frosty morning,—evening cloudy.—9th. Foggy morning—very fine day.—10th Rime on the trees—thermometer 15° at nine o'clock A. M.—12th and 13th Fine mornings.—16th. A slight thaw during the day—some snow in the evening, when it began to freeze again.—17th Very fine morning—thermometer 18°. at nine o'clock A. M.—18th. Snowy morning—boisterous night.—19th. Snow and sleet during the day—wind very high from the N. E. in the night. 21st. Fine, clear day—the wind, which in the morning was S. W & W. fixed in the N. W. about noon—some snow in the evening.—26th. Snowy morning—a gradual thaw—wind variable—chiefly S. and S. W.—27th. Thaw continues—foggy morning.—28th. Foggy morning, with rain—thaw continued till about four o'clock P. M it then began to freeze—thaw commenced again during the night.—29th. Very stormy morning, with sleet—day rainy—a tremendous gale of wind from the W. and N. W. during the night—the thaw again stopped by frost.—30th. Morning calm and very fine—barometer last night at nine o'clock 28,48 in.; this morning at the same hour, 29,10 inches.—31st. Some snow in the evening.

Prices of Fire-Office, Mine, Dock, Canal, Water-Works, Brewery, and Public Institution Shares, &c. &c. for FEBRUARY, 1814.

Albion Fire and Life Assurance	£42	per sh.
Globe Ditto . .	108	do.
Atlas Ditto . .	4	do
East India Dock Stock .	£112	per cent.
London Ditto . .	103-4-5	do.
Commercial Ditto .	140	do
Grand Junction Waterworks	50	pr. sh.
East London Ditto .	60 10s	do.
West Middlesex Ditto .	33 5s	do.
Ellesmere Canal .	£72 a 73 10s	do.
Birmingham Ditto .	545	do
Grand Junction Ditto .	231	do.
Kennett and Avon Canal .	£20 15s	p. sh.
Oxford Ditto .	550	do.
Huddersfield Ditto . .	20 15s.	do.
Grand Trunk Ditto .	1180	do.
Erewash Ditto . .	800	do.
Leicester Ditto . .	210	do.
Croydon Ditto .	17 10a18	do.
London Institution .	43	do.
Surry Ditto . . .	13 10s	do.
Drury-Lane Theatre, Old	190	do.
Ditto Ditto, New	355	do.

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Date	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 pr.ct. Red.	4 pr.ct. Cons.	Navy 5 pr.ct.	Long Ann.	Omnium	Impl.3 pr.ct.	Impl. Anns.	Irish 5 pr. ct	S. Sea Stock.	S. Sea Anns.	India Stock	India Bonds.	Exchqr. Bills.3 1/2d.	St. Lotty. Tickets	Cons. for ac. Feb 25
Jan. 21	257 1/2	66 5/8 a 1/4	66 7/8	82 3/4	95 1/2	16 5/16	19 3/4 *Pm.*	—	—	—	70 1/4	—	191	1 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*	£24. 4s.	—
22	—	66 1/8 a 5 3/4	66 3/8	82 3/8	95	16 3/16	18 7/8 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	3 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*		66 3/8 a 3/8
24	—	66 1/4 a 5 7/8	66 1/2	82 3/8	94 5/8	16 3/16	19 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	191 1/4	3 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*	24. 8s.	66 3/4 a 1/2
25	258 1/2	66 1/8 a 1/2	66 3/4	82 1/2	94 3/4	16 1/4	19 5/8 *Pm*	—	—	—	—	—	—	3 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*		66 5/8 a 7
26	259 1/2	66 5/8 a 7/8	67 1/8	82 3/8	95 1/4	16 1/4	20 3/8 *Pm*	—	—	—	70 1/2	—	191 3/4	4 *Pm*	6 *Pm.*		67 a 1/2
27	262	67 1/8 a 6 5/8	67 3/8	82 5/8	95 3/4	16 7/16	20 3/4 *Pm.*	—	—	95 1/2	—	—	192 1/2	7 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*	23. 3s.	67 a 3/4
28	262	67 1/4 a 6 7/8	67 1/2	82 7/8	95 3/4	16 7/16	20 7/8 *Pm.*	—	4	—	—	—	193 1/4	7 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*		67 a 3/4
29	262	67 a 1/4	67 1/2	82 7/8	96	16 7/16	20 3/4 *Pm.*	—	—	95 1/2	—	—	194	7 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*		67 1/2 a 3/4
31	—	67 a 6 5/8	67 1/8	82 5/8	95 7/8	16 3/8	20 1/4 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	6 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*		67 3/8 a 6 7/8
Feb. 1	260	66 3/4 a 67	67	82 3/4	95 7/8	16 3/8	20 1/8 *Pm.*	66 1/4	4	—	—	—	195	7 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*		67 1/8 a 1/4
2	260	66 7/8 a 5/8	66 7/8	82 5/8	95 3/4	16 5/16	19 5/8 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	196	6 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*		67 a 1/4
3	260	66 1/8 a 3/8	67	82 3/4	95 3/4	16 3/8	20 1/8 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	196	7 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*		67 a 3/8
4	259 1/2	66 5/8 a 7/8	67	82 3/4	95 3/4	16 3/8	20 1/8 *Pm.*	66 1/4	—	—	—	66 3/4	197 3/4	8 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*		67 1/8 a 3/8
5	258 1/2	66 3/4 a 1/2	67	82 3/4	95 3/4	16 7/16	19 5/8 *Pm*	—	—	—	—	—	198	8 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*		67 1/8 a 6 3/4
7	—	66 3/8 a 7/8	67	82 7/8	95 7/8	16 7/16	20 *Pm.*	66	—	—	—	—	—	8 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*		66 3/4 a 7 3/8
8	259	66 3/4 a 1/2	66 7/8	82 3/4	95 3/4	16 3/8	19 7/8 *Pm.*	66 1/8	4	95 7/8	—	—	—	8 *Pm*	6 *Pm.*		67 a 1/4
9	258	66 7/8 a 5/8	67	82 7/8	96	16 7/16	20 1/8 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	7 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		67 1/4 a 1/2
10	—	67 1/4 a 8 3/4	68 3/4	84	96 7/8	16 1/2	23 1/2 *Pm.*	—	4 1/16	—	—	—	—	7 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		67 1/4 a 9 3/8
11	265	68 1/2 a 9 7/8	70	85 3/4	98 3/8	17 1/8	25 3/8 *Pm.*	69 1/4	—	—	—	—	200	6 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*		69 a 70 3/8
12	266	70 1/4 a 71 5/8	71 5/8	86 5/8	99 3/8	17 3/4	28 1/2 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	201	8 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*		70 3/4 a 2 1/4
14	266	72 a 70 1/2	71 7/8	86 1/4	99 1/2	17 1/2	28 *Pm.*	—	4 1/16	—	—	—	200 3/4	9 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*		72 1/4 70 7/8
15	266	71 7/8 a 70 1/8	71 1/8	86	99	17 1/2	27 7/8 *Pm.*	—	4 1/8	—	—	—	200 3/4	9 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*		71 1/2 70 5/8
16	263	69 1/8 a 70	70	84 3/4	97 7/8	17 3/16	26 *Pm.*	68 7/8	4 1/8	—	—	—	—	8 *Pm.*	7 *Pm*		69 1/2 70 1/2
17	263	69 5/8 a 70 3/4	70 1/8	85 3/8	97 5/8	17 3/16	26 7/8 *Pm.*	—	4 1/8	—	—	—	—	8 *Pm.*	7 *Pm.*		69 5/8 70 3/4
18	—	69 3/4 a 70 1/2	70 1/2	85 1/4	97 7/8	17 1/4	26 3/8 *Pm.*	69 1/4	—	—	—	—	200	8 *Pm.*	7 *Pm.*		70 a 3/4
19	—	70 a 3/8	70 3/8	85 1/8	97 3/4	17 1/4	26 3/4 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	199 1/2	8 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*		70 a 1/2

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